

A REMINISCENT BOOK

JOSEPH E. KING



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A REMINISCENT BOOK

BY
JOSEPH E. KING, D.D.



DR. JOSEPH E. KING

A REMINISCENT BOOK

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Joseph E. King
JOSEPH E. KING, D.D.

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FOREWORD

This volume is to be frankly autobiographical. It is to tell the story of the life of a teacher to whom has been accorded unfailing good-health as well as length of days: his birth and boyhood; the awakening, in his early youth, of a thirst for higher education; his struggles to prepare for college and how he won his way; incidents in his college life—the election to Psi Upsilon and Phi Beta Kappa, his appreciation of college instructors, the semi-centennial of his class; his six winter schools as sturdy preparation for sixty-three years of work in higher education; the activities of his manhood, as teacher, lecturer, and preacher; school discipline, administrative problems, episodes of which he was *magna pars*, the literary societies, athletics; vacation tours at home and abroad; other business activities and responsibilities; the Civil War; the alumni association; once again the University convocations that he enjoyed; eminent people he has met, some great orators he has heard; a summary of results, closing with a glance at the wondrous epoch of his eighty-nine years, of progress in America and the world.

This reminiscent book, to the making of which he has found pleasure in devoting his enforced leisure, asking indulgence for its regrettable omissions, he submits to the kind consideration of his former pupils, for all of whom he cherishes only kindly memories.

With health and leisure blest, why not rehearse
In sober prose, at times in lighter verse,
The veteran teacher's life, boy, man, and sage,
The story in the making, page by page?

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	City, May, 1913.	

Joseph Elijah King was born at Laurens, Otsego County, New York, November 30, 1823, son of Rev. Elijah King and Katherine Olmstead King. His ancestors were typical New Englanders, their ancestors emigrants from Great Britain. On the side of both father and mother, his grandsires were patriotic Americans and soldiers of the American Revolution, serving under George Washington. Dr. King died at Fort Edward, N. Y., June 3d, 1913, in the ninetieth year of his age.

A REMINISCENT BOOK

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD

THE PARSONAGE

Our birth and boyhood, life's initial stage,
Transpired within a humble parsonage.
Not joyless, sure, though luxuries were scant,
Was the pious house of the itinerant,
Since fixed by Fate, or Heaven's peculiar bounty,
At rural Laurens in Otsego county.
A godly man of dignity and force,
He loved his calling, and—a handsome horse.
His ample "circuit" had six preaching places,
Their steeples were his only steeple-chases.
To reach them all his steed must show his paces.
The doughty Knight, thus galloped o'er the land,
Ablaze with zeal to do his Lord's command.

EARLY FARM LIFE

Through broken health and love of country life,
The whilom parson bought, to please his wife,
A goodly farm of upland, vale and hill,
With garden, meadow and its rippling rill.
There in this vestibule of Paradise,
Four sturdy boys of us, grew strong and wise.
The oaken bucket dripping from the well,
What joys it brought, no mortal tongue could tell;
Each tree, and shrub, and weed we called by name;
The frisky squirrel could we cage and tame;
Each bird and bug and every creeping thing;
The bees—aha! we knew them by their sting.
Each foot, both length and breadth, we knew the farm,

Its orchard, woodland and far pasture lots,
Its sugar maples' quite peculiar charm,
Its kindling wood to split with pesky knots.
The corn to hoe, and the festive potato,
These were the tasks forever still recurring;
But there were jolly offsets well we know,
Nor lack of incidents the spirit stirring.
We knew the thrill precocious tyros feel
To see it whirl our home-made water wheel.
A hay-mow frolic, swarming of the bees,
The ripening melons, King sweets, water cores;
Colt breaking, nutting, ah, what joys were these,
Could we but dodge the milking and the chores.
How could we view the farmer's lot with scorn,
When all our bones were made of Indian corn?
Two sisters—these—and sisters of our neighbors,
Gave spice to sport, distraction to our labors.
Long winter nights at Christmas and Thanksgiving,
They served, no doubt, to render life worth living;
In fact, to be, or do our best we found
'Twas opportune to have some girls around.

CLERKSHIPS

Came discontent, we blush e'en now to own it,
The dear old farm, had we so soon outgrown it?
No longer might its humdrum routine teach us;
New voices from a wider world now reach us.
Up! get ye forth! this humble, homely mansion
Is far too small a nest for due expansion.

And so for gold the farm was sold, its price
Invested in precarious merchandise.
A feverish time, three years or more,
Our King-dom camped about a country store.

The price had to be paid in silver dollars as "legal tender," else the sale would have been cancelled at the

wish of our mother. Then followed a rapid succession of several homes for the family, all in Otsego County.

At Schenevus we had a store, and I began my clerkship education at the age of ten. I could sell coffee, sugar, tea, saleratus, raisins (taking my toll of these undoubtedly), could measure and cut off sheetings and calico like an expert.

There six of us children had the measles, which I had caught while attending, with my father, the funeral of a farmer's little son. I still remember the text used, "But the gift of God is eternal life." As we were happily convalescent, all playing together on the floor, where a big buffalo robe had been spread, my brother Benjamin, sportively hurling a heavy tin pill box, happened to break the mirror. Then was the first time I saw my mother cry; the mirror had been the wedding gift of her mother.

Next our home and "store" were at Milford Centre. There I sold candy, developing a lively traffic, and had part in the fun of making it from molasses. The district school was delightful, and to this day is vividly remembered for its lively sports. The "whooping cough," in which all six of us were graduated, was an interesting episode.

Next our home and store were established on a larger scale at Oneonta. Now, at twelve or thirteen years of age, I soon knew the price and cost of everything, could make entries on the books in good order, and knew enough of genuine money not to accept forged or bankrupt currency. When not in the village school, the store was my delight. Whatever the asperities of that period, they were softened by some lively exercises that I took by stealth at a fine swimming hole in the creek. One of my

own age was my constant companion, a clean-minded boy. A phenomenal depth of snow in the winter of 1836, blockading the roads for a week, and then ploughed through by long strings of ox-teams, was a joy to young American lads never to be forgotten.

The store, at last, loaded down with accounts that could not be collected, went into voluntary bankruptcy, and was sold out at auction. During this three-day sale, I had evinced such alacrity in giving information and in keeping the record of the sales that an Albany wholesale merchant took note of so promising a young salesman and engaged my services for his store. For four months in the wholesale and retail drygoods business of a large establishment on State Street, Albany, I sold goods behind the counter, occasionally delivering packages to some rich patron. The merchant made me a member of his family and I had access to his fine library, revelling on Sunday afternoons in its biographies and its books of fiction, the first I had ever seen.

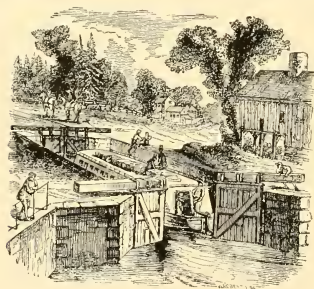
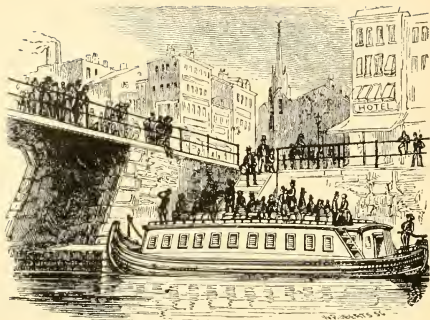
In April my father came, bringing the query, Would I stay and become a merchant, or join the family at home who had decided to "go West"? I did not hesitate a moment, after reading my mother's letter. I knew well that in the struggle for making a living my heroic mother was an important factor.

She had not failed, the Spartan matron, nay,
Already eager to resume the fray.

"The world is wide, my boy, we'll take our stand.
God willing, we will yet possess the land."

In quest of fortune, whither should we go?
Our oracle made answer, "Westward ho!"

Traveling by railroad as far as Schenectady, I had my



From an old print

“ A TYPICAL WESTWARD TOUR OF 1836 ”

first experience of riding by steam cars—a very primitive type, to be sure, but wonderful to the men of that day who were the first to harness steam.

A TYPICAL WESTWARD TOUR OF 1836

As yet there was no westbound railroad train
And so perforce we launched upon the main,—
To wit: the tranquil waters of the great canal,
Three days and nights, a jolly carnival.
Our roomy barge with gorgeous figurehead,
Had snug contrivances for board and bed.
Four milk-white steeds the propelling power,
Their dizzy pace four knots or so per hour.
A hundred cabin passengers in tow,
From Utica or far-off Buffalo.

“Eventful?” What with wits and wags and dudes,
Debating statesmen and coquettes and prudes,
A judge, two fiddlers, and anon a shout
From fifty throats, “A bridge ahead! Look out!”
Some mild collisions with resultant shocks,
The frequent landings and the wondrous locks;
So as the spice of life rests in variety,
We found our banquet seasoned to satiety.
Each of the hundred made be sure one friend
Who felt regret when came the journey’s end.
A day on Erie, then we safely land,
Our goal, Girard, and there we took our stand.

At Girard, Pennsylvania, whither we had been preceded by several well-known families from Otsego County, our former neighbors, came the next home and store, in which I was, nights and Saturdays, salesman, bookkeeper, and collector. Here, five days of the week, I enjoyed several terms in a select school of really high grade, conducted by a college graduate.

HOBBLE-DE-HOY AGE

And now comes on the secondary stage,
The callow, the impressionable age,
The borderland betwixt the man and boy,
The bashful, enigmatic hobble-de-hoy.
Ill fares the ambitious, eager, questioning mind,
If in these pregnant times his guides are blind.
A morbid thirst for books, what shall he read—
Soul-problems rend him—what shall be his creed?
To meet this time of peril Heaven doth send,
To be his guide, philosopher and friend,
One dowered with most uncommon common sense,
Who early gained and held his confidence,
Who knew his moods, his doubts, his aspirations,
Wise when to censure; when give commendations
Whom he admired and championed 'bove all other,
This gifted, gracious person was his mother.

At the age of fifteen I was employed as clerk in a large general store in Girard, enjoying for two years its manifold activities, and developing along effective business lines and in practical politics as well, the store being the village forum for political debates. At nights I managed to have at hand, for a couple of hours, some books on history or biography.

Meanwhile the family fortunes were becoming prosperous:

My well-paid clerkship in the village store,
Kept the gaunt wolf from prowling at the door.
The father's health, too frail for constant preaching,
He and our elder sister took to teaching.
Alert and hopeful, we omit no chances
To ameliorate the family finances.
Six pairs of roving feet—mother love the tether,
Hard times despite—that held us still together.

Not one strayed forth from the parental nest,
Till armor tried and proof protects each breast.
A late arrival, straight as we deemed from heaven
Joined the procession, and we then were seven.
James promised well. We early learned to praise him,
And wonder not it took four states to raise him.

PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS OF '40

A presidential canvass came—my first—
And, in its mighty throes the fetters burst
From off my bashful youth, and I began
Thenceforth in soul to feel myself a man.
Both party platforms I had learned by rote,
Five years must pass before my maiden vote.
I could debate on measures, men and laws,
A champion of the Democratic cause.
With scorn I viewed the grotesque, motley rigs,
Coon-caps, log cabins of the blatant Whigs.
As tramped they noisily the country through
With jeering songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."
Announcing—oh, the aggravating clan,
"Our little Van a used up beaten man."
We called our young and brave battalion out,
Fierce and defiant, answering shout by shout.

The rival hosts resolved to celebrate
The Perry victory—September 10th, the date—
Erie, the appointed place, and there and then,
Were met two hostile camps, each 20,000 men.

A score of youngsters we were fain to go,
Chartered and mounted our own tally-ho;
Our righteous cause we staunchly would maintain,
Equipped with valor and a hickory cane.
No wagon load of loud-lunged men or boys
Could equal ours, if measured by the noise.
The stress and strain of the portentous day,
Filled many a patriot's heart with dark dismay.

A single pistol shot, all understood,
Might drench the fields with fratricidal blood.
This sense of danger sobered the vast throng;
The only weapons used—debate, huzza and song,
But in that dread and awful gala day,
'Twas said some raven locks were changed to gray.
And beardless youths became stern-visaged men,
Doomed never to be sportive boys again.

On the broadside of our big tally-ho
As large as life was painted our motto.
Words Perry wrote in his victorious hours,
“We’ve met the enemy and they are ours.”
But, when the tell-tale votes were all returned,
And later, valid tidings had been learned,
Need for new rendering had arisen,
“We’ve met the blasted enemy and we are hisen.”
Even Pennsylvania, sad revolt to see,
Voted “log cabin” by 343.

BUCHANAN’S ORATORY AND A SIDE-PRODUCT

The orator for the Democrats was James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, then in his forty-ninth year. Educated at Dickinson College, sent to the Legislature at twenty-two, and to Congress at twenty-nine, then for three years Minister to Russia and for two terms United States Senator—and no unworthy antagonist for Clay and Webster—this popular leader was in the early noontime of his vigorous life, and ambitious for higher honors. All his faculties were aroused into supreme effort by the admiring attention of the vast audience, and stimulated besides by the occasional reverberations of the music and by the cheering, faint but distinct, in the rival camp. It is not hard to believe that then and there James Buchanan made the greatest oratorical effort of his life.

His handsome person, faultlessly appareled, the clearness of his statements, uttered in a ringing tenor voice, his classical but luminous and simple rhetoric, punctuated with faultless gestures of the head, the hands and, at times, of the whole person, his dignified and authoritative manner, and in his peroration, his fervid and vehement earnestness, made an irresistible impression. One boy who listened, in that one hour, became a man.

Despite the eloquence of its admired orator and its foremost leader, sixteen years later to be himself elected president, rockribbed Pennsylvania, always Democratic hitherto, voted log-cabin by 343. But, as the result of what I heard and saw and felt and thought on that decisive September 10, I solemnly resolved in my aroused and wrestling soul, "I must, I can, and I will have a college education."

This humble side-product of his great speech might possibly have given Buchanan some little comfort in his rather dreary old age.

Despite our fears the Nation still survived,
And in its broad extent grew strong and thrived.
Of this vast change I mused—I saw—I knew
The controlling factors were exceeding few.
The ignoramus ever must be led;
What room for statecraft in his stolid head?
I saw that manly force with thorough education
Must win the leadership in any generation.
My ambitious soul beheld a beckoning door
Through college halls. I had outgrown the store.
I had not seen, but I would find a college,
And slake therein my burning thirst for knowledge.
None shared as yet my counsels or my plan,
To be at any cost an educated man.

I wrote one night, avowing my intent,
Four foolscap pages full of argument
To my good parents, winged words of fire,
Expressing my importunate desire.
Only for their consent to work my way
Through college—somewhere, and without delay.
Made answer they—your argument has won,
You have our full and free consent, our son.
Go, and God guide you on your chosen way,
We'll aid you all we can; pray for you day by day.

The rapture of that hour can I forget?
Though three score years have sped, it thrills me yet.
For love of Rachel did the patriarch of old
Care naught for summer's heat or winter's cold.
So I—though not for love's delightful dream,
Possessed, inspired by my enthralling scheme,
Laughed at the chance of burning midnight oil,
Counting a tournament my seven years of toil.

COLLEGE PREPARATION

At Austinburgh, 'twas fixed, we should begin;
A thorough Christian school, annex of Oberlin.
The Giddings-Garfield district centered near it,
And slavery's threat, those freemen did not fear it.
With no electives tempting us to stray,
Our daily rations, Latin, Greek and Algebra.
Sweet to our taste as honey from the rock,
We found such morsels as our "hic, haec, hoc."
The teachers worthy, though unknown to fame,
Smith, Tenney, Walker, these I needs must name.
My schoolmates won my heart, each mother's son,
And daughter too, the candid truth to own.
How lasting this regard, that you may know,
There came a test, some twenty years ago.
Called back when two and forty years were scored
To meet the veteran remnants round the festive board,

Fourteen I recognized and called by name;
So in love's ashes lives the immortal flame.
My favorite tutor, withered now with age,
I met en route, scarce an ideal sage.
We talked jocosely, and soon came a hint,
'Twas he! I knew him by his lovely squint;
"Walker!" "King!" We felt the old-time charms,
And rushed like lovers to each other's arms.

SLATER

'Mongst all the sons of this good alma mater
In vain I sought for one, my classmate Slater.
His saintly form graced not the festive board,
We saw him not for he was with the Lord.

If at life's earthly terminus I rise
To meet with kindred spirits in the skies,
I'll search, be sure, throughout the realms of bliss,
To find where this Giles Slater's mansion is.
'Twas he who rapped upon my door one night
And entered in, a messenger of light.
My student lamp nigh spent was burning low
His pale face beamed with a supernal glow.
His quivering lip and tearful, loving eyes,
He faltered, choked as to apologize.
"I had retired," he said, "but not to sleep;
In agony of soul, I could but toss and weep.
I know now what to say, but you'll forgive,
I must come to you, or I could not live."
He sobbed aloud, a trembling seized my frame,
Full well I knew whence this emotion came.
Upon my shoulder bowing down his head
"King, won't you give your heart to God?" he said.

I honored those who walked in wisdom's ways,
For Heaven pre-empted from my cradle days.
The unbeliever's hope I dared not trust,
The scoffing skeptic filled me with disgust.

And, sometimes, in my secret heart I sighed
To stand a soldier at my parent's side.
I did but wait for Heaven's effectual call
To give up worldly aims, my life, my all.
It came; I owned the convicting spirit's power,
And full surrender made in that one sacred hour.
My soul exultant leaped all hindering bars,
And filled with love and joy stood pointing to the stars.

GIDDINGS

The school at Austinburg was in the Ashtabula Congressional District, a part of the Western Reserve, peopled from New England. Joshua R. Giddings, elected in 1838, was their Congressman for twenty years. He was born in Bradford County, Pa., which had also been peopled by Massachusetts and Connecticut Puritans. He was a pronounced and militant Abolitionist, able and eloquent, with the courage to express his convictions. He became a champion of the right of petition to do away with slavery in the District of Columbia, and thus gave mortal offense to slave-holding members of the House.

Giddings was a formidable giant, six feet one inch in height, with shaggy iron gray hair, and a piercing black eye, having the mastery of a vigorous Anglo-Saxon rhetoric, and a powerful and ringing baritone voice. When he spoke he was listened to with great attention by the whole House, the members frequently gathering around him. He had several affrays on the floor, but invariably came out ahead.

In the summer of 1841 the *Creole* sailed from Virginia to Florida with a cargo of slaves, who got possession of the vessel, ran into the British port of Nassau, and, in

accordance with British law, were set free. The Secretary of State asked, through our Minister, for compensation. In the debate on this theme Mr. Giddings took the ground that slavery was an abridgment of a natural right, and had no force beyond the territorial jurisdiction that created it; that the United States had no authority to hold slaves.

Great excitement followed in the House. In March, 1841, on motion of John Miner Botts, of Virginia, a resolution of censure was passed by a vote of 125 to 69; Mr. Giddings, by means of "the previous question," being denied an opportunity to speak in his own defense. He at once resigned his seat and appealed to his constituents.

His address to his constituents at that time it was my privilege to hear, as one of a deputation of the students of Grand River Institute. It was during the spring term in 1842. There were assembled on the village green of the town, in the late afternoon, perhaps 400 men, mostly farmers from outlying regions. Many of these warmly greeted their Congressman, but with an aspect also of rigid sternness. The whole district was mad through and through. Mr. Giddings was at that time forty-seven years of age, in vigorous health, and had his gigantic powers in perfect command. Without formal introduction his address began.

His platform as to the rights of a duly elected member of the House of Representatives, and the use he had sought to make of them as the representative of his liberty-loving district, was plainly stated, and then with increasing emphasis he went on to vindicate his anti-slavery beliefs and aspirations, growing warmer as he advanced, and—as he could but see his sympathetic audience profoundly

moved—his voice growing in volume, his long arms reaching over the people grouped near him, after a glowing period, he vociferated, "If you approve of your representative in Congress, show it by your votes."

I remember thinking, "I know now how the Athenian democrats felt when, after an appeal by their great orator, they cried out, 'Lead us against Philip. Let us conquer or die!'"

The audience solemnly and silently dispersed. I was amazed that they were not more demonstrative. All the same those phlegmatic New England constituents returned Mr. Giddings by an overwhelming vote, and kept him in Congress for sixteen years thereafter.

SIX WINTER SCHOOLS

Early in December, 1841, having passed my rather informal examination, and possessing a big "bull's eye" watch, my heart thumping in unison with its heavy ticking, I started on a three-mile walk to my first school in Hartford, Ohio. This was in the Western Reserve, which had been peopled from New England. There was one family recently from old England. The schoolhouse and two or three homes were clapboarded; all the other houses were of logs, solidly built, neat and comfortable.

I found assembled to meet me thirty pupils from eight to eighteen years of age; I was to "board around." I found myself not unequal to the task of managing my school, while the hospitality of those humble homes was most enjoyable. They gave me their best, and it was good enough for a King. A fad of the time was "phrenology," and I was able to soften the asperities of the long winter evenings with examining the heads of my hosts, and study-

ing my Greek. One heroic example of disciplining promptly a naughty, sturdy sixteen-year-old boy easily made me the undisputed master.

The succeeding winter term I was engaged at an advanced salary to continue my services there. A militant patron, a veteran of the War of 1812, getting angry at the disciplining of his boys, sought vigorously to have me "ousted." It was my first fight and I won. Though his five children were withdrawn, an accession of seven new pupils repaired the damage.

My third winter school was in New York, in the King's Church district, near my Washington County home, and was peculiar in the fact that five of the pupils were my younger sister and four younger brothers, besides some ten or twelve cousins. By standing up straight I managed to escape the charge of nepotism.

While in college, I was fortunate in securing for three winters the high school at Glastonbury, Conn., a twelve-mile walk from Wesleyan University. The sole trustee and undisputed magnate of the town was Thaddeus Wells, Esq., brother of President Polk's Secretary of the Navy, and a cultured Christian gentleman. Some sixty pupils, aged from twelve to twenty years, reported for duty. To conduct effectively the needed classes in a high school, never for a day neglecting the "three R's," was a strenuous task; but with complete organization and exact time for everything, promptness and order insisted on and secured, there was for three winters a flourishing high school in Glastonbury.

At the first recess in the forenoon of the first day, a big sixteen-year-old boy, with an audacious younger lad, took up the gauge of the young master by coming in after

the bell had sounded, some three minutes tardy. Seizing the stouter offender by the shoulder and holding him off at arm's length for a few seconds, I demanded in a stern tone, "What did that bell mean?" "To come in, I suppose." "Well, do you think you will obey it hereafter?" "Yes, sir." The incident was closed, and there was no intentional tardiness thereafter.

Two weeks later at the close of the noon recess, as I was passing into the schoolhouse to resume school work, I heard a stout lad ejaculate, with suppressed intensity of voice, "Has the old devil come?" The boys at play had no idea that I had heard the uncomplimentary inquiry.

The incident put me to thinking, "I must try to correct the erroneous judgment of that malcontent pupil. I am but twenty years old, I surely do not mean to pose as an old devil." "Obed," said I, after looking over his slate and discovering the muddle he was making in adding his fractions, "How do you get on with fractions?" He made a grimace for answer. "Let me show you how easy it is to add fractions," I said, comprehending what had puzzled him. He smiled gratefully. When I said later, "I want you to do an errand for me,"—inventing the errand, he did it faultlessly. I had won him; he was ready to fight for "the Teacher."

"Florence, you whistled through the keyhole at recess. Is that a proper thing to do?" She was the daughter of the magnate. "I did not know it was forbidden." "This, then, hereafter is the rule: whatever can disturb the good order of the school is prohibited." There were no more covert attacks upon good order.

I enjoyed a permanent lodging place, while boarding during these respective terms with the families of the

patrons. I had my full evenings for study and could readily keep up with my college class, with an occasional hour for "chess" with a college-bred young lawyer, the son of a deacon. There was time also to enjoy not a little of the social life in the typical New England village. The town meeting, in its primitive characteristics, was in evidence two or three times a year.

My friend and employer, "Esquire" Wells, made me absolute monarch of the school, voluntarily increasing my salary each new term. In his delicate and princely way, in settling for the third and final term, he suggested, "This is your Senior year; you may need more funds than you have in your pocket. Call on me if you are short." Some months later, he was both amused and astounded when, calling to remind him of his promise in case of "getting short," and he had asked smilingly, "How much?" I responded, "I reckon that fourteen dollars will cover my needs." The modest loan was paid within a couple of months.

A considerable number of the Glastonbury young people subsequently became my pupils at Fort Edward Collegiate Institute.

A YEAR AT POULTNEY

Peck, Newman, Wentworth, and Krohn constituted an exceptionally strong faculty, and on account of its proximity and for economical reasons mainly, I entered my Freshman year at Poultney, Vermont. The requisite Latin and Greek were easily achieved, with some discipline in debate and two weeks of drawing lessons under Miss Nettie Wright. One college classmate, Silas W. Robbins, was with me at Poultney.

At the commencement-day exercises in the Methodist Church, on a June morning in 1844, occurred a memorable panic and stampede. The church was thronged, galleries on the three sides were full, many were standing. It was eleven o'clock, the sun was shining, and a student was in the midst of his oration. Suddenly we heard a snapping sound, as of violently broken timber. A woman in the galleries shrieked, "Fire!" and pandemonium was let loose. A frenzied rush for the doors began, women were lifted from their feet, and some young athletes even mounted the compact throng, then stampeded on the heads and shoulders of the stifling procession. Meanwhile Doctor Peck, brandishing his cane, shouted at the top of his voice, "Stop! Stop! There is no fire! There is nothing the matter. Let the band strike up!" For another minute the frenzied, crazy rush continued; the din was such that no voice could be heard. Thus for three minutes, possibly, the insane panic dominated the audience of exceptionally intelligent Yankee adult men and women in broad daylight; then a sudden pause—everyone was still. It occurred to the excited crowd, "What are we fleeing from?" They stopped, no one seriously hurt, though many were greatly disheveled and bruised, with not a few hats crushed; a dozen or so windows were smashed.

At this pause, Doctor Peck was heard stating that the house was not on fire, that the gallery timbers had not broken, that only a restive horse, hitched near the church, had broken the post to which he had been fastened. The shamefaced audience, many of them, returned to their seats, a few scores insisted upon going home to do their blushing in private. Young Graves, being called on,

resumed his oration, facetiously apologizing for having so disturbed the audience. I had my seat under the gallery, and near the stage, and to my no little self-congratulation I had not joined in the panic, so without perturbation was able to respond "next" with a brave oration on "Poverty, a beneficent step-mother."

Whenever, as principal, I presided over great audiences, it became my custom, before introducing the speakers, to refer in a humorous way to the possibility of panic, explaining clearly three ways of safe egress. No panic or stampede has ever occurred under my administration.

CHAPTER II

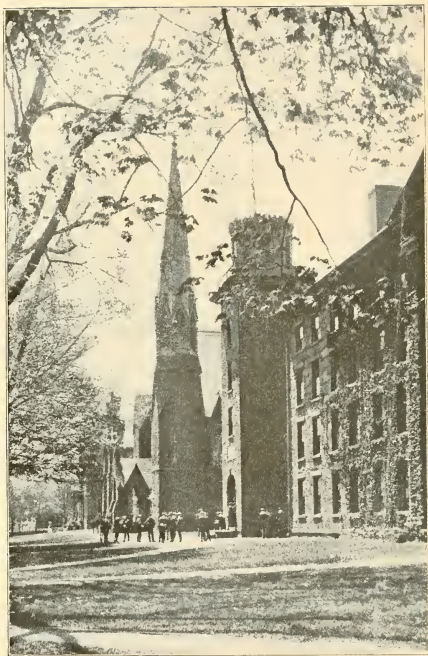
GAINING AN EDUCATION

ENTERING COLLEGE

The proffer of a scholarship by my father's clerical brother, Bishop Isbell of Troy Conference, made feasible my ambition to enter Wesleyan University, at that time the only college under Methodist auspices. Beautifully situated in an ideal college town, overlooking the Connecticut valley, though but thirteen years old, this university, through the great names of Fiske and Olin, was successfully established and was already taking high rank among the colleges of New England.

Passing unconditioned a most exacting personal examination by three of the professors in September, 1844, I found myself admitted to the Sophomore class of twenty-four men. One deficiency in preparation for advanced standing, it was my fortune to discover, *viz.*, a working knowledge of logarithms. An all-night victorious struggle, and I was fitted for the race in mathematics. Thereafter my studies were continued with increasing joy. At the end of the year I was delighted, though not surprised, to find myself at the head of the class in the calculus, as well as uniformly leading in Greek.

Despite my three winter schools of twenty weeks each, I was announced salutatorian at the Junior exhibition. The doors of Psi Upsilon had opened to me, and in my Senior year I donned the Phi Beta Kappa key. At commencement in 1847 I would have been valedictorian only



COLLEGE ROW, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

I felt that I could not afford to permit my rival, Colburn, to drown in order to secure the place for myself.

A MIDNIGHT SWIM

This episode occurred at midnight, late in June. After the adjourned meeting in the Psi Upsilon fraternity hall, a party of us went bathing in the Connecticut—Orange Judd, his brother, a Junior, Colburn, and myself, King. When disrobed for the swim, some one called out, "A race to the schooner!" The schooner lay at anchor two thirds of the way across the river. Upon the word each plunged in. An expert swimmer, I led the party, drew near the schooner and saw a looped-up rope hanging at the stern, to which I was making for a rest. And now arose a pitiful, despairing cry, "Help! help! For God's sake!" It was from Colburn, who, handicapped by a partially withered right arm, had exhausted himself. I also, having striven for victory, was out of breath, but did not hesitate to turn to the rescue. In the reflection of an instant, I had thought, "It is my Psi Upsilon brother; he only is above me in class. I must save him, or drown with him."

On reaching my panic-stricken classmate I said to him sternly, "I am going to save you, but you must not touch me. If you do we will go down together." Seizing him by the shoulder, with my left arm I tugged him toward the stern of the schooner. I had drawn him within eight or ten feet of the vessel when my own strength gave out, and I "saw stars." Saying to Colburn, "Keep your hands under the water, I must rest for an instant," I let go and turned upon my back for one long breath. Then reinvig-

orated I seized my classmate and "yanked" him to the rope, put his good arm through the loop and then my own, where we hung utterly exhausted until the two Judds, coming with a boat, lifted us into it. On reaching the shore, the rescued Senior said, "King, I owe you my life, but for you, I should have died like a dog." "We could not afford to let you drown," I replied. That incident was closed, neither of us ever referring to it again.

* * * * *

The class of '47 took their opportunities very seriously; they were preparing for the battle of life, every hour counted. Ten were intending to preach, seven would be teachers, six would be lawyers, others editors. Only once did we organize a class joke, for which the great president also made us thoroughly ashamed. Of the Junior essays which we were required to hand in for criticism, the discovery was made that the professor had permitted them to be looked over, and laughed at, presumably, by certain society young ladies of the town. Therefore, as a dignified protest, we pasted the pages of our essays together, end to end, one after another, and at the very end appended our names, *en bloc*, like the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This evasive paper, passing into the hands of an examining committee, caused an indignant demand that the individual essays be identified (it was under the administration of Dr. Smith). Everyone laughed. We took no class action, but one of the class took the essay scroll, cut it into separate parts, and wrote on each essay the author's name. Thus we escaped discipline or reproof.

The professor did not thereafter pass our literary efforts around among his lady friends.

HOW THE BILLS WERE PAID

Three years we gave to most delightful toil,
All daylight utilized, much midnight oil,
Sharing the honors of 1847,
Diplomas fairly earned and justly given.

Asks some astute but unromantic man,
What was our student's commissary plan?
Were there not uses for some baser metal,
No bills to audit, no accounts to settle?
The problem this: Beginning empty-handed,
With no rich relative who might befriend him,
And no "society" its aid to lend him,
How soon shall our ambitious youth be stranded?

Though empty-handed, strong in resolution,
With youth and health and iron constitution,
Stout-hearted, self-reliant, never once in doubt,
For "ways and means" he'd surely find them out;
Declining loans, he chose the rugged way,
To earn by sweat and wit the wherewithal to pay.
For seven summers, hay and harvest fields
Gave him the strength which rural labor yields.
Six lovely winter district schools he found
To expand his mind and purse while "boarding round."
In all those seven years no day was lost.
Reason enough. Could he afford the cost?
No other uses had he for vacations,
Than gainful toil, his chosen recreations.
Presume not to commiserate our youth;
His independence wrought no painful ruth.
Frugal economies won his regards,
And proved not without value afterwards.
Decent apparel, or sufficient diet,
He never lacked the ways or means to buy it.
Flattering favors were with thanks declined,
That he could not reciprocate in kind.

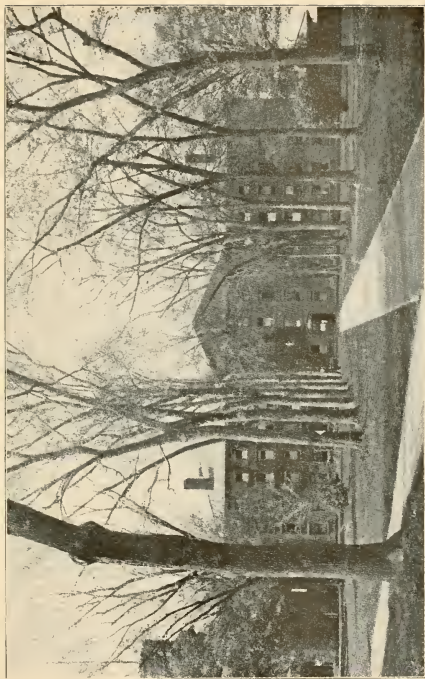
As livery rides, or treats, or feasts or shows,
Expensive gifts, gew-gaws or furbelows,
Abjuring these, he scarce deemed self-denial,
When manhood's very self was put to trial.
Surrendering mere inconsequential toys,
To win instead immeasurable joys.
Six testing decades passing in review,
He finds he builded better than he knew.
His debt to worthy teachers he confesses,
As foremost factors in his life's successes.
But supplementing school and college lore,
Substantial thanks he owes to farm and store.
His out-door labor made him an athlete,
By tussling taught to light upon his feet.

TWO OF WESLEYAN'S PRESIDENTS:

OLIN AND CUMMINGS

A typical young Vermont giant, Stephen Olin, entering Middlebury College, had made there a notable record for deep original thinking, high scholarship, and manly character. He was pronounced by one of the professors as "the ripest scholar that had ever come before him for a degree." Immediately upon his graduation he accepted a call to the principalship of Tabernacle Academy in South Carolina. Conference appointments, professorship of English Literature in the University of Georgia, presidency of Randolph-Macon College in Virginia, some years of travel in Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land followed; then, at the age of forty-seven, he became president of Wesleyan University, bringing hither extraordinary qualifications and the prestige of achievement and success.

As to discipline? His presence was enough. Indulgence in a freak of disorder under Dr. Olin was unthinkable to us. Once only had he occasion to administer



NORTH COLLEGE, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

reproof to the class of '47. It was in our Junior year. During his absence as a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance in London, he had written a letter of greeting and fatherly counsel to the students, and as secretary of that body, it was made my duty to read this epistle at a college meeting. Deciphering its extraordinary chirography and rereading it a few times, I made out to report the president's letter fluently and distinctly, and the boys were charmed with it. During his absence the acting president was the scholarly and gentlemanly Dr. Augustus Smith, whom, while highly esteemed, we did not stand quite in awe of. In a springtime friskiness, the class had bolted a recitation in Greek with no word of explanation. At this precise moment, Dr. Olin returned to Middletown, resumed his reign, and found us red-handed in rebellion! Summoned to an audience in the chapel, we cowered before the aspect of his majestic displeasure. We attempted no defense and had no thought of resorting to fictitious excuse. For perhaps two minutes he held up to us the gravity of our offense, especially as the perilous example of disloyalty to the college in the concerted action of a class. "God knows, young gentlemen, I will protect the honor and authority of the college at whatever cost!" Had we no regard for honor or for Christian manliness? The skies grew very dark above us. We were humbled, crushed, and annihilated. Had we nothing to say for ourselves? "Only this," one of us found voice to say, "we had only intended a frolic; but seem to have acted like fools, and are heartily ashamed of ourselves." We would obediently accept whatever penalty he thought it right to impose.

And now came a magical change of manner. Our

obvious sincerity and truthfulness had drawn the lightning from the lowering heavens, and we were overwhelmed by his magnanimity. After some thoughtful and tenderly spoken suggestions of the great opportunities and the corresponding responsibilities of young men in college, who were the predestined leaders and guides of the coming generation, the doctor rose to his feet, giving each of us a fatherly look, and extending his arms toward and over us as of blended protection and benediction. We understood that we were forgiven. The incident was closed. We went out of the chapel with clearer conceptions and higher ideals, and with the unspoken resolution to be loyal through life to all the manly virtues, and each of us decidedly in love with the president. As we saw commencement looming in the near distance, we were filled with poignant regret that we could not have another year at the university to enjoy the instruction of a faculty so capable, so inspiring and brotherly.

The text of Dr. Olin's baccalaureate was, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Deeply in earnest from his first utterance, his fervor and force increased till his face was aglow as with his whole heart he poured out a Niagara of great thoughts. Leaning over the pulpit, with his gigantic frame and long arms thrust forward, he seemed to be pleading that we be filled with the spirit of the great truths he proclaimed. The vast audience hung upon his words with rapture, losing all sense of time, their only fear that he might come to an end. By the clock he spoke an hour and forty minutes.

During the administration of Dr. Olin there was a marked uplift in the college in many lines. Strong young men were attracted to its halls in increasing num-

bers, influential friends were made, finances were strengthened, and tokens of respect of the older colleges of the country found expression.

* * * * *

Joseph Cummings, a graduate of the class of 1840, had enjoyed the instruction of Doctor Fisk. For the vacant presidency of Wesleyan, three names were suggested—Matthew Simpson, David W. Clark (afterward bishop), and Joseph Cummings. By a slight majority over Doctor Clark, Doctor Cummings was chosen.

After a modest installation he began his term of service in 1857, at the age of forty. He brought to this exacting office a stalwart frame, robust health, a prodigious capacity for work, together with a reputation for wide general scholarship and forceful and convincing speech, a dominant will, and the habit of accomplishing whatever he undertook. Then followed seventeen years of unstinted devotion and indefatigable industry, seeking no respite for himself by day or by night. Vacations did not suggest rest or recreation, but rather added opportunities for work for the university. To expedite results, he might often be found attending to details that might have been assigned to others. The vehicle he drove must arrive, albeit a gate-post be jarred; so much the worse for the gate-post. That his administration was a strong one was evident. The classes maintained their full ranks or were increased, despite their decimation during the Civil War. The finances grew apace. Out of nothing, through his personal activity, there came the evolution of three noble monumental piles of brown stone on the campus, on the door-posts of which was ineffaceably inscribed, "Joseph Cummings, his mark."

The dedication of the Memorial Chapel was, perhaps, the climax of his presidential term and the happiest day of his life. The long struggle had crushed the tenacious fiber of his nerves. In the years following he began to know hours of weariness and depression. The dangerous gift of sarcasm was his and it sometimes wounded like the cut of a knife. The weightier matters of law he still sought jealously to observe; but now and again he quite ignored his tithes of "mint and anise." That he should fail undeniably to remember the conventional courtesies and the sympathetic consideration due to his learned and estimable associates, was unfortunate, but inevitable in the condition of things that had obtained. A demand was made for his resignation.

Two of the trustees, his lifelong friends, were deputed to communicate with the doctor at his office. He bore the announcement manfully. It was the one great humiliation of his life. "I will make answer to the trustees at once." Walking between his two friends, with stalwart stride to the chapel, on entering the room where the board was in session, he greeted them with a stately bow. There, standing erect and with not a quiver in features or in voice, he said: "Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I respectfully request you to accept my resignation as president of Wesleyan University." No word was spoken in reply, and he silently retired. At the unanimous request of the board, he consented to remain as professor of philosophy. This he did to the satisfaction of his classes, but to his own discomfort—a deposed monarch in a subordinate position constituted a strained situation. He asked to be relieved and finally withdrew from the university. Accepting such pastorates as his Confer-

ence could give, he was happy in this comparative retirement.

But now the unexpected happened. It developed that he had troops of influential friends. A call came to him from the Northwestern University. He was in his early sixties, and his respite from great cares for a few years had renewed his pristine vigor. He accepted the presidency and gave for a decade to that strong, young university, a wise, safe, and successful administration, and thus superbly rounded out his eminent career. No authentic annals of Wesleyan University can omit the name of Joseph Cummings as one of her great presidents.

CHAPTER III

THE YOUNG TEACHER

A CALL TO HIS LIFE WORK

Too soon had come our day of graduation
Called to the front, each fires his brief oration.
Then forth we go, with high resolve to win
The world before us. Where should we begin?

Free lands for all, on our new western coast,
And mines of gold a Croesus might not boast,
Set countless throngs to delving in the ground.
Such was the mercenary world he found.
To deal in men was legal merchandise,
And few, or black or white, but had their price.
Despite the sordid time, the tempter's thrall
A still small voice he heard, the Master's call,
"Go preach and teach: and win the ingenuous youths;
Awake their souls, and pledge them to the truth."

From that day forth, such has his mission been;
The door that opened first he gladly entered in.
And lo: a ponderous volume now appears
The strenuous toil of more than three score years.
Unwritten annals, both of cares and joys,
Save in the lives of sixteen thousand girls and boys.
In many climes, by deed or voice or pen,
Living epistles, known and read of men.

Six years, a due apprenticeship to gain,
At Newbury spent, another at Fort Plain,
When came the greater "Institute's" creation,
And gathering hosts from more than half the nation.

SIX YEARS AT NEWBURY

On my graduation in the summer of 1847, I was ninety dollars in debt. An invitation to teach in the Vermont Conference Seminary at Newbury was eagerly accepted. Had there been a delay of a week, to accept this call, I should undoubtedly have gone to Alabama, where I was later invited to a principalship at thrice the salary agreed at Newbury.

The seminary buildings were a substantial three-story brick building for school purposes, and a detached white and green boarding house, equal to the modest demands of the seminary household of forty or fifty. The students, mostly, engaged rooms in some of the small homes of the village; in about equal numbers they came from Vermont and New Hampshire, on either side of the valley. In 1852 the registration reached the high-water mark of two hundred and ninety-seven young women and two hundred and thirty-seven young men. They were capable, ambitious, and willing to pay the price of rigid economy. Under my administration the seminary building was internally reconstructed, and greatly improved.

Obtaining a special charter from the legislature, Newbury Seminary was among the first to provide a semi-collegiate course for young women; and thirty-two rare young women received diplomas from my hands, and as many young men entered college. I left regretfully a seminary very much alive, out of debt, and with money in its treasury.

In addition to valuable self-disciplining, during my six strenuous years, I count as my richest compensation that I found there and had taken to myself in marriage, Melissa Bayley, one of the fairest and worthiest in that

fair valley, who became the mother of my children, and who for thirty-seven years made my home a sanctuary, a refuge, and a delight.

NEWBURY REVISITED AUGUST, 1912

Beautiful for situation on the west bank of the Connecticut, which winds gracefully through a fertile valley whose meadow lands have enriched six generations with bounteous harvests, and overlooked by Mount Pulaski, while in the distance on one side are visible the Green Mountains of Vermont, and on the other the White Mountains of New Hampshire, lies the fair village of Newbury, its neat white houses with gables to the streets, its plain but handsome churches, its smart new library, and on its broad common, its venerable three-story brick seminary, and by the side of it a new public hall,—population 2,700. The old, spacious, white boarding house, with a wide veranda on two sides, also fronts on the common.

A group of Anglo-Saxon Puritans founded it, taking possession of the Coos valley in 1762, led by Gen. Jacob Bayley, a brigadier-general in Revolutionary days, who defended the young settlement from the Indians and who led stalwart volunteer soldiers in the battles of Bennington and Saratoga—a godly, virile patriot, who “trusted in God, and kept his powder dry.” He died on his Oxbow farm in 1815 at the age of eighty-nine.

On Tuesday, August 13, 1912, three generations of his descendants united in dedicating to his memory, on the common, a noble granite monument, inscribed on its sides: “Pioneer, Patriot, Soldier, Citizen.”

While called to be the guest of the village during their Old Home Week, because of my six years of teaching in



VIEW OF NEWBURY SEMINARY AND VILLAGE



NEWBURY SEMINARY

their seminary, 1847-53, five years as principal, during which the school had reached its high-water mark, yet the honoring of Gen. Bayley also appealed to me, as by marriage I had become his greatgrandson-in-law in July, 1850. With a daughter and a grandson present with me, we represented three generations of the Jacob Bayley family.

Visiting his grave in the Oxbow cemetery, we stood uncovered by the plain slate slab that marks the place where the gallant hero was buried, and sang together "Glory, glory, hallelujah; God is marching on."

Sunday morning I preached in the Methodist Church where had begun my ministry sixty-two years before.

Wednesday morning was given to the reunion of Newbury Seminary held in the Methodist Church, where I spoke reminiscently of things grave and gay for one hour. Of my associates in the faculty, first and last, were seven worthy college-bred men, and as many cultured and gracious women, and all had wrought nobly, and had passed to their heavenly reward. Twelve octogenarians, who had been my Newbury pupils, were seated in front! Many scores greeted me, the relatives of former students.

During my six years more than 2,000 students had been registered, not a few of the young men preparing for college, while the more ambitious of the young women took a liberal course for graduation in the collegiate institute founded in 1850. The poet, Luella Clark, an elect lady, had come a hundred miles to greet the principal who sixty years ago had put her in love with her Virgil. The seminary in 1868 was transferred by act of the Vermont conference to Montpelier.

Blessings on fair Newbury! The thronging memories

of my six strenuous but delightful years spent there in my young manhood, supplemented by pleasant greetings and recognitions, and by charming hospitalities, made it good to be there.

A STRENUOUS YEAR AT FORT PLAIN

A new, large brick boarding seminary had been built at Fort Plain, New York, to accommodate three hundred resident students. At the suggestion of Bishop Jayne I was invited by the trustees to visit Fort Plain, with the offering of the principalship in view. The visit impressed me that a great school could be founded there; New York had been my native state.

I asked for a delay of six days, would accept or decline by telegraph. I returned to Newbury, and though the tidings of the call had been sufficiently published, I waited three days for an uprising of protest which I was too self-respecting to suggest. Then, with no little reluctance, mingled with chagrin, I telegraphed my acceptance. Then, the belated appeal of protest was noisily in evidence. The villagers offered me for ten years as principal ten thousand dollars, and a title to the academy properties thereafter; but too late.

A strenuous and delightful year at Fort Plain followed, with a faculty of sixteen and an enrollment for the three terms of 754 students, representing eleven of the states and Canada. The people were hospitable, and were proud of such dazzling success in their venture. The stockholders, however, failed by a few votes of electing the principal a member of the board of trustees. He quietly considered this result as serving notice upon him

to look elsewhere, which he did. After he had consented to go to the greater seminary being erected at Fort Edward, trustees and villagers implored him to remain on his own terms, all denominations and factions would stand by him, and the president of the board offered to resign.

AN EPISODE AT FORT PLAIN

Soon after the stockholders' meeting in mid-winter, there assembled in the parlors of the seminary one afternoon, the entire Board of Trustees, fifteen in number representing about equally the three denominations, Dutch Reformed, Methodist, and Universalist. At their head was Hon. Peter J. Wagner, alumnus of Union College and a former member of Congress.

The principal was summoned to meet this full and formidable board. He met them amiably and affably; he was unafraid.

"What is your desire, gentlemen?" The president of the board, Mr. James Edwards, a lay elder of the Reformed Church and a prosperous and worthy citizen, was spokesman. "Well, professor, we hear some things, as to your management of the seminary, that give us some anxiety; we want to meet properly our rightful responsibility—the subject is a delicate one—may we ask you a few questions?" "Certainly, and they will be answered with the utmost frankness."

"Is it not true that the young pastor of the Methodist Church is a frequent visitor at your rooms, a too frequent visitor?" "Go on, what further questions?" "You are holding a mid-week evening religious meeting, we are told; what are the methods and purposes of such meet-

ings?" "Anything more?" "No, everything else seems going all right."

"Thanks, gentlemen, for your frankness. This is my answer. You invited to the principalship of your seminary an educator and a clergyman, with the recommendation of his bishop. How often he may receive calls from his young brother, who is manfully struggling to build up the Methodist Church in Fort Plain will be left absolutely to his own discretion. Yes, there is every Wednesday evening a religious meeting held by the principal, to which the students are invited. He is endeavoring, and will endeavor, to the utmost of his ability, to make his young people feel their obligation to prepare for usefulness by consecrating their lives to God, that they may form reliable Christian characters. If your sons and daughters shall not, some of them, become sane, joyful Christians, enriching their own lives and giving added strength to the churches to which they may ally themselves, I shall feel that my work is a failure, and you may have me to bury. I think, gentlemen that you are to be congratulated that you have called to the head of your flourishing seminary not a mouse, but a man. If these principles do not meet with your approval, my resignation is at your service this moment." An awkward pause of possibly two minutes ensued. Then Doctor Snyder, the Universalist physician, spoke: "Gentlemen, I guess Professor King knows how to conduct this seminary better than we do, and we had better leave it all to him." Some one laughed, and then all laughed.

On some one's motion it was voted to adjourn. The incident was closed. The Board shook hands cordially with the principal, who hoped they would call often.

A SUMMER INCIDENT

The Exposition of Arts, Inventions, and Industries in the Crystal Palace in 1853 was the attraction that called us to New York. The imposing structure was beautiful, but it failed to draw the expected remunerating crowds. The environs of the stately building were shockingly disenchanting. After half a century we remember the scores of shabby huts, each with its bearded goat at the door, more vividly than any of the exhibits of the building.

An outside incident furnished the only exciting experience in our visit to the fair. We three young brothers formed the party. Extending our researches to the Bowery, we stumbled on a mock auction. A well-dressed group in attendance, the auctioneer was dilating on the excellence and the cheapness of a package of lead pencils. He held up a gross of them. "How much, gentlemen?" Some one said, "Fifteen cents." Then my brother Benjamin, who had perhaps twenty-five dollars in his pocket, earned in the hay field, felt a speculator's impulse, and bid "Twenty-five cents," meaning for the gross. They were struck off to him. The bull-necked auctioneer than said, "Come into this room," and then demanded pay for the gross at twenty-five cents per dozen. Benjamin refused. The bully looked dangerous. My younger brother James, a slender lad of fourteen, but with a penetrating, far-reaching voice—in after years so often lifted up in New York for every good cause—shouted, "Pay him, Benjamin!" This call only stiffened Benjamin's back, but it accomplished what the diplomatic young lad sought—it called the police. Thus the innocent brothers retired unrobbed and unhurt, the incident to be a not-unpleasant souvenir of their visit to the Exposition of 1853.

IMPRESSIONS OF GREAT MEN OF THE PERIOD

BISHOP HEDDING

Elijah Hedding, born in Dutchess County, New York, in 1780, was in early boyhood taken to Vermont, where, with such meager help as the short-term common schools could afford, and with plenty of mountain air, he grew to be a stalwart and typical Vermonter. A preacher at nineteen, later pastor and presiding elder, at forty-four he was made bishop.

A massive frame, a Websterian head, a strong face, and a great, big voice, made his presence formidable. He presided at the Conference with calmness and a bluff brotherly courtesy, yet with a forceful decisiveness and aspect of authority that no one could question. His prayer and his brief address had an evangelistic and realistic quality that evoked fervid responses from the veterans of the Conference. That he could command his emotions and yet possess possible volcanic fires in his broad breast, was made evident that Sunday morning.

On the fine sloping green of Barre were assembled, partly seated, but for the most part standing, more than a thousand people; most of whom, like myself, were to hear a Methodist bishop for the first time. When the bishop began, he moderated his great voice, but in it was a suppressed intensity that caused it to reach the furthestmost man in the expectant multitude. As he warmed in his discourse, his form seemed to dilate and pentecostal fires blazed from his eyes. Every word seemed to weigh a pound, and for a rapturous hour he held the great audience spell-bound. Doctrinal, logical, luminous, inspiring, it was a great sermon. If there were few jewels on its hilt,

surely the broad sword he wielded was that of no ordinary athlete. The living, burning animus of the discourse was a marshaling of Christian soldiers to a glorious spiritual warfare with a presage and promise of certain victory. Had the speaker, like another and inspiring Ethan Allen, called for volunteers then and there to assault some frowning fortress of sin at the peril of their lives, surely not a few of the young men would have responded, "Lead us, Bishop, we will follow."

JOHN PRICE DURBIN

Troy Conference of 1854 was held at Albany. For the missionary evening had been secured Dr. Wiley, just returned from his medical and ministerial term in China, Dr. Durbin, in his fourth year of missionary service, and myself, the young principal of Fort Plain Seminary, to be sandwiched between them.

Dr. Wiley told of his devotion, by his mother, to the missionary work while he was a babe. He was interesting but prolix—the early June evening was short. Turning to Dr. Durbin, I said, sotto voce, "Leave me out. It is you we desire to hear." "How long do you expect to occupy?" "Perhaps twenty minutes." "Then," said he, "you must give it all to us, and red hot." I took less than my twenty minutes, but they were all red hot, with one certain beneficial effect, that they awakened the eloquent doctor to give us a magnificent address of fifty minutes.

He began slowly and prolonging the vowel sounds: "How-long-I-may-detain-this-audience-will-depend-materially-on-how-you-listen. I had thought to submit some observations on the preparatory work of missions. Is it

your idea that the first work of the missionary is to get the heathen man converted, and then put him to speaking in the class meeting and the love feast? The Bible must be translated into his language; that language must be learned before you can preach to him; his social environment must be studied and understood by personal experience, before you can effectively tell him the sacred story. Why, many long generations passed before the first apostles got a hearing in pagan Rome, but the stage of preparation had passed."

Now the drawling utterance ceased, and, taking on the pose of a consummate tragic actor, he was describing a ballot in the Roman Senate over the problem to recognize the Church of Christ—"Black ball, black ball, white ball, black ball, white ball, white ball, white ball"; finally, announcing the result, "Jupiter was dethroned, and Jesus Christ was officially acknowledged at the head of the Roman Empire."

Then followed, in one thrilling period after another, with increasing fervor, beauty and majesty, a presentation of the young missionary cause of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was ten o'clock when he closed. The electrified audience, after reverently singing the doxology, went away slowly pondering those things in their hearts.

At the subsequent sessions of the Conference, when stopping over the Sabbath, Dr. Durbin was, next to the Bishop, the star preacher.

At the Pittsfield, Mass., Conference he delivered a memorable sermon, Sunday morning, in the Presbyterian Church. He was now sixty-seven. With his thinning gray hair, his heavy dark eyebrows, deep-set black eyes, smooth-shaven angular face with its aspect of sad, almost

weird severity (especially after uttering an emphatic sentence), he was a strikingly impressive rather than an ingratiating figure. In his strenuous life vigor and intensity had put their impress on his features—he was rarely discovered in the act of smiling.

His text was from Hebrews, "For it became him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing sons into glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering." For perhaps ten minutes his disenchanting drawl had, in that summer afternoon, a somewhat somnolent effect, but now came a dramatic change. The vast audience became wide awake. He had put a long period interrogatively, rehearsing tenderly the sufferings of Christ. An intelligent man, knowing all this—how being infinitely rich, the divine Lord became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich, and might become through His sufferings the heirs of eternal life, and partakers of His glory—what does he deserve that shows himself indifferent to the claims of the gospel? "Permit me to repeat, what does he deserve, when he knows that Christ tasted death for him, that he might be saved from his sins and become an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ to an inheritance of inestimable happiness and glory?" (repeating, literally, the same wonderful words). After an impressive pause, "Does he not deserve the damnation of hell?" This was emphasized by that weird expression of countenance, as though he then had a ghastly glimpse of the bottomless pit. For a full three quarters of an hour thereafter he held the awed attention of his audience, and no one of us was found smiling for hours afterward.

Dr. Durbin was a great pulpit orator, a great college

president, and a grand missionary secretary. He declined a reelection in 1872, seldom after appearing in public. Few men have been so greatly admired and beloved. He died at seventy-six.

DANIEL WEBSTER

The Whigs had nominated General Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War. It was understood that Webster had expected the national convention to name him for the great office, but his friends had mustered only sixteen votes for him, and, in his disappointment and disgust, he had declared that the nomination of a mere general was "not fit to be made." He had, however, on reflection, concluded as a choice of two evils to favor General Taylor rather than General Lewis Cass, who had been selected by the Democrats.

It was in the early autumn of 1848, while on a visit home from my school work as an aspiring young professor at the Vermont Conference Seminary, at Newbury, that I saw Webster. The fame of the American Demosthenes was world-wide. We all knew of his brave and triumphant struggle in his boyhood to secure a college education, of his creditable graduation at Dartmouth, of his early and rapid advancement as a lawyer, and as a brilliant and forceful orator on patriotic occasions; how he had won the cause of his alma mater in the Supreme Court of the United States, beginning his great plea, "Gentlemen, it is true that Dartmouth is only a small college, but there are those that love her." All ambitious young Americans knew by heart and had declaimed on the academic platforms selected passages of his great addresses at Bunker Hill on the death of Adams and Jefferson, and very especially his magnificent reply to Hayne.

The announcement that Webster would address a mass meeting at the Agricultural Fair grounds, near Albany, N. Y., called together a vast multitude from the adjacent counties. The elements were auspicious, an ideal early September day. The bands played with all the stops wide open. The admiring throngs were arrayed in their best, making themselves worthy of the historic occasion.

Not more than one in a thousand had ever seen the illustrious senator, of whom they had heard and read all their lives. The physical man was not disappointing. He was taller than the average, finely proportioned as a middle-aged Apollo. He wore a blue broadcloth coat, the gilt buttons of which gleamed and flashed in the sun, vest and trousers of dark orange hue, a broad snow-white collar. All was surmounted by the head of a Jove, crowned by black hair thinned somewhat by his sixty-six years, his dark eyes deep set, a ponderous brow where thunders seemed to lurk, and a luminous face whose august features irradiated wisdom, authority, and majesty.

The multitude stared and admired in reverent silence. When he arose on the platform to begin his address, a great wave of applause was poured up to him from the vast crowd, followed by a profound silence—every eye focused upon him, every ear attent. In a clear-voiced baritone, he began with a lucid statement of the leading principles claimed by the Whigs to be vital to the prosperity of the nation. There were no anathemas for the rival candidates, no words of praise for the Mexican War hero, General Taylor, and no fervid appeals to the sentiment of loving loyalty to the Union which ached in more than 10,000 breasts, with eagerness to respond to the call of the mighty champion of "liberty and union." It was

presently discovered that we were to be treated to the discussion by a great statesman of "the tariff," the so-called American doctrine, devised and championed by Clay, but formerly opposed by Webster.

It was doubtless mildly interesting to be told by so great and gifted an orator that the first great protective tariff act had been signed by no less a person than George Washington, the first President of the Republic, but that was not what we had come to hear. The eulogistic saying of the Massachusetts farmer, on hearing the Bunker Hill monument address, that every word weighed a ton, recurred to me. Was this great eloquence we were hearing? Disappointed and disenchanted, we were jealous for the fame of him who had been heralded as the greatest orator since Demosthenes.

After looking and listening loyally for forty minutes, to save what was left in my mind of the ideal, idolized paragon, I quietly and stealthily withdrew from the throng, and, going off to a distant part of the grounds, I listened in a shame-faced manner to Colonel Culver, of Washington county, who was charming a smaller crowd of fiery young men with his ingratiating humor, and telling anecdotes of the Mexican War, and winning votes for Taylor and Fillmore.

LOUIS KOSSUTH AT CONCORD

In the spring of 1852 the whole nation was moved by the arrival on our coast of the gifted, gallant, but unfortunate leader of the attempted Hungarian revolution, Louis Kossuth.

He had proved mightier with the pen than with the sword. His consummate ability as an editorial writer and his extraordinary gifts as an orator had sufficed to

educate and arouse his countrymen to the desire to shake off the Austrian yoke. Made head of the Committee of National Defense, and afterward "Governor of the Province of Hungary," he was resourceful, devoted, and indefatigable, with no lack of courage, but he could not accomplish the impossible. Austria, Germany, and Russia frowned; he was disappointed in finding allies in Western Europe; he could not assemble in his patriot army enough to "make good" the Declaration of Independence; and thus the revolution collapsed, leaving him a prisoner of war in Turkey.

While Turkey gave him hospitable refuge for a year, he improved the time in mastering the English tongue, with the aid of a Bible, Shakespeare, and a lexicon. France refused to allow him to pass through her dominion, so, availing himself of an American vessel, he went first to England and thence to America. His hope was to induce the rich and mighty republic of the new world by his eloquent appeals to come to the rescue of his struggling people, and that he might bear home to them a generous purse whereby the patriotic Hungarians could renew their fight for liberty.

A sympathetic young teacher of Newbury Seminary at that time, I resolved to hear Kossuth, who was to speak near Boston. Arriving at Boston with a fellow teacher, Wesley Cushing, I found that the address was to be made at Concord, a suburb. The last train had gone. Not to be baffled, we were permitted by the engineer of an outgoing freight train to embark on the locomotive. The cold wind made our necks stiff. Well, what of that? we thought; it became stalwart young Americans, at times, to have a stiff neck.

Arriving at Concord, we paid our dollar and were admitted to the hall, already filled to its capacity with the sons of those embattled farmers who "fired the shot heard round the world." Concord was the home of the eminent poet, philosopher, and lecturer, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Word was passed to the waiting audience that the expected speaker was making a visit to the graves of the first martyrs to liberty who had fallen in the battles of Lexington and Concord, and we waited for twenty minutes in tense silence, our hearts strangely warmed. Then they entered arm in arm, his host and the orator, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Louis Kossuth—*par nobile fratrum*, each at the maximum of his splendid powers, at this early meridian of his days—Emerson forty-nine, and Kossuth fifty. Emerson taller by a head, the faces of each aflame with an intense patriotic glow, they advanced to the platform with stately tread, while the assembly stamped and cheered rapturously.

The introductory speech of Emerson, at this his own home, the very cradle of the American Revolution, among these his neighbors, the descendants of those famous Revolutionary patriots, and with such theme as presenting the representative of another nation struggling for its liberty, occupied ten minutes and was, perhaps, the most eloquent utterance of his life. "I have thought this day," said Emerson, "that the sacred dust of our revered ancestors must have been conscious of the presence of a spirit akin to their own," and then followed one glowing period after another, the great thoughts of this great seer, his heart at white heat, while he introduced the illustrious foreigner, and commended his message and his mission. Not a few of his responsive auditors had moistened eyes. We

had seen with what intensity Kossuth had listened to his introductory speech; he was profoundly moved, as were all of us.

The great Hungarian exile began by announcing that he had then and there found a text for his message. It was Concord. For forty minutes he held us spellbound in an address—this man who taught himself in a year our most complicated tongue—of faultless and most lucid English, and with but a slight foreign accent. I recall but a single word that he mispronounced; it was a relief to the high tension in which he had wrought and held our spirits, to be permitted to smile at his repeated “Mas-sach’usetts.”

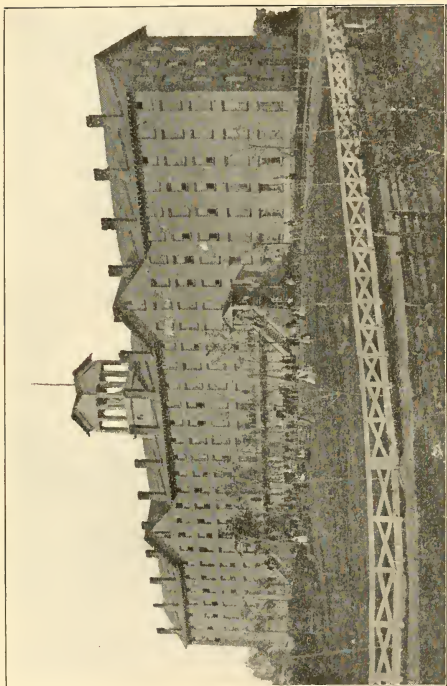
As though the assembly were a sworn jury representing the entire nation, he made his solemn argument and appeal, by the holy memories of the early struggle in their own Revolution at Lexington and Concord, and by the final glorious victory at Yorktown, which had been possible only through the alliance and the aid of a friendly foreign power. He besought the mightiest republic on the globe to come to the rescue of struggling Hungary, and earn her eternal gratitude.

Perturbed and sympathetic as we were, we did not lose our heads, and make rash promises. Well we knew the prudent policy of the republic, solemnly commended by Washington, to avoid “entangling alliances.” Kossuth was with great courtesy dismissed from Massachusetts and from America with the few thousands of dollars his addresses had gained, and with a few added resolutions of sympathy and God-speed.

Our patriotic young men gave to the eloquent but baffled leader of a gallant people striving for liberty the silent

tribute of sympathy by wearing for a decade the Kossuth hat.

A few years later, still an exile, he died in Italy, leaving to his talented son, now a leader in the Parliament of Austria-Hungary, the struggle for the independence of his people.



FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, 1854

CHAPTER IV

BEGINNINGS AT FORT EDWARD

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Some public-spirited citizens, notably George Harvey, Frederick D. Hodgman, and Orson Richards, prosperous business men, laymen in the Methodist Episcopal Church, together with some three hundred other subscribers, emulating the example of other counties, formed a stock company and built a large five-story brick building, 300 feet long, with a 140-foot wing, calling their enterprise "The Washington County Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute." Naturally giving preference to a Methodist, though the seminary was to be impartially interdenominational, they had invited the young principal of Fort Plain Seminary to visit their new building, and later had engaged him for a series of years, as principal and general manager, to be in partnership with Rev. Henry B. Taylor, a young member of Troy Conference.

THE INSTITUTE OPENS

The Institute was completed and open for students December 7, 1854, though as yet the plastered walls were imperfectly dried. Two months before, Messrs. King and Taylor had sent broadcast through twenty states and the Canadas, eighty thousand copies of a printed double sheet, with a cut of the building and an elaborate descrip-

tion of the new institute—what it proposed to do for its students, and all expenses, including board, room, fuel, laundry, and general tuition for eighty-seven dollars per year of forty-two weeks. Music, Art, and the Languages, the only extras, were payable in advance by the term. Let it be remembered that the purchasing power of a dollar in those days was something extraordinary!

The teaching force and commissary department had been thoroughly organized and equipped.

On the opening day in the dining hall, 120 feet by 40 feet, there were seated 419 students, the “grand roll” averaged over 500 names a term. The menu was ample, wholesome and generous. The “stove pipe,” a loaf so shaped, made of Indian meal and other ingredients, known only to our “Dutch” baker, and brought to the table piping hot, was enthusiastically appreciated.

ORGANIZATION

A complete registration of the students being made, then by general and special advices, in which all the faculty were accessible, a course of study was decided upon and a definite program of studies for each day arranged. Then, everybody to work—to work! After three or four days, the dull wits, or the indolent who may have fallen out of line, were provided with helpers in a sort of hospital service. They got into line again, or some modification of a line possibly, or were sent home.

The rules, with full explanation, were posted in every room. Order, promptness, faithful observance of requisite recitation and study hours, hour for retiring (indicated by five strokes of the Institute bell in the tower), propriety of dress and speech, courtesy, reverence for

sacred names and things, these essentials to be taught by precept and the holding up of high ideals in many a brief and timely lecture talk, and notably by the winsome personality and example of the faculty. Thus may, should, and can be induced an atmosphere and public spirit that shall render any act or word against decency and order distasteful and unpopular. Enthusiasm for things worth while, detestation of shirks and goody-goody nobodies; in faculty and students an unparaded, but ever-present religious sentiment and spirit, sane, reverent, sympathetic, joyful, contributed powerfully in securing an ideal school government, moving quietly, almost automatically, with seldom any call for discipline.

It was the rule of the administration to require, with rare exceptions, as condition to admission to the faculty, that in addition to thorough intellectual and personal fitness, the teacher should also be a communicant in some one of the evangelical churches. Church attendance was required at one of the village churches. Sunday evening and Wednesday evening religious services were held in the Institute, to which all were invited, but attendance was voluntary.

The beginning of a joyous and wholesome Christian life for many came when they were on the student roll at Fort Edward Institute.

ESSENTIALS FOR EVERY STUDENT

The Institute insisted that respectable reading and spelling were essential for all its students. In the new departure, reading in suitable classes was required of all at least once a week, while a daily drill was required of those needing it. For all alike, a dictation exercise was

conducted by the principal, once each week, and occasionally lively spelling contests were arranged. In the co-educational period, the essentials of English grammar were in charge of an expert teacher, and errors of unscholarly lapses in speech were eliminated by an everlasting vigilance.

In the literary societies, also, the habit of frank and pitiless criticism was maintained. For many years, the principal took personal charge of the declamations required every third week, in order to meet and know the young men as well as to encourage and stimulate credible efforts in oratory. Original essays and orations rendered upon the chapel stage were discriminatingly criticized then and there. For this function the principal enjoyed valuable suggestions from Professor Tavener and Professor Cumnock, of whose able lessons he had frequently availed himself.

From the first, aspiration and ambition for excellence in essay writing and speaking were promoted by competitive prizes. A watchful glance, occasionally, at the record of the student's progress, or lack of it, enabled the principal, with his knowledge of the student's family and circumstances, to advise modifications in his course of study. A question was, Ought this boy be induced to prepare for college, or was a commercial, or other special course to be recommended?

DISCIPLINE

The first case occurred at noon the first day. The tables had been dismissed, over four hundred students were quietly moving out of the dining room. Some twenty or so had lingered in conversation for a moment, when a big jolly farmer's boy of nineteen, to my no little

surprise, began with another lad a game of leap frog. Before the second leap could be executed, I rang the bell, and in well-modulated, quiet tone said to the audacious fellow, "Young man, you need not unpack your trunk. This is no place for such as you." He was quite terrorized and begged to be permitted to stay. I refused to talk with him, and not until a group of his friends became responsible for his future good conduct did I allow him to register as a student. Thus an audacious offender was dealt with summarily, and without five minutes' delay.

We had two night watchmen, relieving each other during the night. If a student was discovered making a "racket" after ten p. m., he must be made to dress himself and leave the building; he could see the principal the next morning at nine. If a self-sufficient young man presumed to extend his gallantries into the ladies' department, in hall, in room or on grounds he knew to be devoted to their use, he must be required to take the very next train out of town, though he be the son of a congressman or a bishop. To a popular young man who thought himself called to the ministry, and who under pretext of conferring about some music to be used in a special function, entered a lady's room at 9.30 p. m., I said, in the painful task of dismissing him, "I love thee, Cassio, but never more be officer of mine."

Occasionally one or more young men had been found under the influence of liquor. They were reasoned with privately and in a heart-to-heart talk urged to sign an iron-clad total abstinence pledge for three years, all in confidence, and with no allusion to the case in chapel. Thus they could be retained as students and were cured of a dangerous tendency. If the young man were proud

and obstinate, I would read him a letter that I proposed sending to his father. He would beg me not to send it, and I would not. He signs the pledge and feels deeply indebted for the clemency.

A sterling young fellow of good family was preparing for West Point. He got overcome at a "county fair." He was ashamed and readily signed the pledge of total abstinence, "until I should have released him." He was graduated with honor and at that time wrote me courteously, asking for a release from his pledge; he was likely to be the guest of his superior officer, and it would be awkward to protrude his abstinence. I released him, and he did not abuse his liberty, but was honorably advanced until he became a general. This same man later, toward the close of the Civil War, was put in charge of an immense government construction plant for making artillery. He had to ask for millions of dollars and was called before the Committee of Appropriations in Congress to explain exactly the needs of the plant. Said a congressman, "How is it, General, you are not a lawyer, yet you can stand for half an hour urging your case, and gain it without a brief or a written word in your hand?" Said the General, "I can tell you. In a debating society at Fort Edward Institute I learned to think on my feet."

* * * * *

Another discipline case developed somewhat humorously. A new student had arrived. Looking over the books I found that one of our regular students, S——, was alone, and sent for him. When he entered my office, I saw to my pain and surprise that he was obviously under the influence of liquor. Staggering up to me, he said, "Professor, may I speak a word to you in confidence?"

Hic!—my folks wouldn't wish me to room with a stranger; he—hic!—might corrupt my morals." "You poor lad," I said, "You are drunk." "Professor," answered S—, "I've got five hundred dollars in my room, hic,—and I'll give it to you if you put a crack down, if I don't walk it." I said, "Go to your room and go to sleep. In the morning at nine o'clock we will see about your morals." He signed the pledge and kept it. I provided another place for the new student.

In my experience with six winter schools, I had discovered that in the instinct of self-defense, when bluntly interrogated as to misconduct, the boy or girl was tempted to flout out a lying denial. In an embarrassing case, it is sometimes well to forbid the arraigned pupil to say anything until you are through with your conjectured statement of the case, while your temper and tone should be that of a sympathetic friend rather than of an angry, petty magistrate. "Now you may refuse to answer, or take some time to speak the exact truth, with the understanding that your statement will be kindly considered. If you have been disingenuous, but are not and have not meant to be a liar, let us know the facts." It was the persistent policy and purpose of the administration to avoid making liars in its methods of discipline.

* * * * *

The most painful reason for discipline is when money or other valuables have been clandestinely taken by someone, nobody knows who. There are cruel suspicions. To find the abstracted valuables, if you can, is your obvious duty, but, in the process, to avoid inflicting pain and even permanent wounds upon the innocent, is more nec-

essary. A general search may be proposed by a section, or all the students. It will be without result except the humiliation of the search. When a five or ten dollar bill is lost, better lend the loser that sum at once, than attempt any search or interrogation whatever. Only take the occasion to urge all students to take care of their pocket money, or deposit it with an officer of the school, or in a bank. When any breach of discipline and good order occurs, and you are not known to know of it, the part of discretion may be to ignore it. In some occurrences it is wise to name a definite date for consideration of the case named.

A wise use may be made of merits and demerits. Prizes are a stimulus to those who already excel; but the rank and file they sometimes dishearten. Cards of standing issued at least once each term are of inestimable value.

RECREATION MADE POPULAR

Recreation time must be carefully and wisely planned; all are advised and encouraged to participate in out-door sports. Moping in one's room, or frequent absentee-ism for whatever excuse, must be made unpopular, and if persevered in, cured by demerits or other discipline. To a homesick recluse let a sunny-hearted and tactful class-mate be detailed to call upon and bring him out.

To what extent the principal or any teacher should engage personally in the sport with the students, is an interesting problem. Certain personal dignity should never be quite set aside; his presence should be a pleasant stimulus, as well as a guarantee for self-control and cleanliness of speech. But assuredly he would not think it wise

to engage in playing leap-frog, or to put on boxing gloves for a contest with his boys.

Hazing was referred to, before it had time to develop, as resorted to by sneaks and cowards, and a statement of the right to self-defense in one's own room, with any improvised implement at hand, as a poker, a ball club, or broomstick, but not to use a knife if it would wound. We had little of this college brand of "fun" at the Institute, and what we had was not malicious.

But a single instance of administering corporal punishment at the Institute is remembered by the principal. It was during the first week of the opening of the year. In the dining hall four hundred and nineteen sat at the tables. When the bell dismissed all, at the close of luncheon, there rang out a loud shrill whistle, such as a hoodlum boy knows how to perpetrate. What shall the young Principal do at this astounding disorder? Well, nothing today, the strained and intense silence was perhaps rebuke enough—the boy will not repeat it. But he did repeat it the next day. The Principal darted quietly down the long lines to the door of egress, confronted the lad, a sixteen-year-old Canadian, and seizing him by the left hand, administered to his fat cheek three stinging blows with the flat of his right hand, leaving with each a wide welt on his rosy face. Then he let him go. Not a word was spoken then, or afterward, but whistling in the dining room was effectively eliminated.

A reasonable degree of versatility in administration is desirable. To cure tendencies to disregard conventions known to polite society, or to use coarse or vulgar language, a tactful irony, or a pungent sarcasm at the opportune moment, or, perhaps better, a private personal,

confidential talk may be best. Public reproof is to be resorted to only in flagrant cases.

MUTINY

The first student dismissed was a blatant, egotistical young demagogue, who was baffled in his attempt to raise a frozen potato riot. After dinner he and two or three tools of his, had passed the word that there would be a students' mass meeting on the fourth floor. Some one hundred were assembled. By the inattention of the steward some frozen potatoes had been served on the table that were not up to the standard of that Washington County delicacy, and our young agitator was proposing an organized movement for "reform of the diet," when in the midst of his harangue the tower bell rang for one o'clock classes. At this moment the Principal stepped to his side. There was an instant rush. The Principal said in his ordinary tone of authority, "The bell has rung, young gentlemen, you may not have heard it. You will, of course, now go quietly and promptly to your classes, or to your rooms." There was a gentle but general clapping of hands, and then a quiet dispersal. Three hesitated. To the two accomplices, I said, "Do you refuse to go to your school work?" They sneaked away, leaving the demagogue alone with me. He had a surly look. "Young man, this is not the right place for your peculiar talents. Shall I permit you to withdraw at your own request, or shall I publicly expel you?" He answered angrily that he would withdraw. Refunded, pro rata for the unexpired part of the term, he was required to pack his belongings and depart within the hour.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Friday evenings were left free for all. It was the unwritten law that every student should be in attendance on his or her literary society. Of these that persisted and were permanent, were the "Senate" and "Young America" for gentlemen, and the "Aesthetic" and the "Minervian" for young ladies. The faculty was given honorary membership, and it was the policy of the administration that some member or members of the faculty should always happen to be in attendance. Officers were elected monthly, and it was the ambition of each set of officials to conduct its affairs in a strictly parliamentary way and according to Jefferson's manual of order.

Each evening's program required a debate and the society paper, with music, vocal and instrumental, and not infrequently ending with tableaux or a short play. The office of critic was frankly and faithfully administered before closing by formal adjournment. Each society had its turn during the year in giving a "public" in the chapel, to which many outside guests were invited. The natural rivalry to secure preëminent success in the public verdict called out the best powers of those who took part. Occasionally "mock schemes" were published and an attempt made, by a rival society, to distribute them to the audience. These witty jokes and take-offs were not malicious, but clever, and were on the whole welcomed as adding to the interest of the occasion.

The inspiring and educational value of these societies was very great, promoting the progress of many scores to positions of prominence and responsibility, and has many times been gratefully and gracefully acknowledged.

ATHLETICS

At the Institute, for indoor athletics were provided parallel bars, hanging rings, and later a bowling alley. Out-of-doors there were croquet and tennis. The "Arena" was for football and baseball, the river for bathing in summer and skating in winter, while the historic Hudson valley offered unfailing attraction for pedestrians. Our rules in football, a modified soccer game, required that the ball be punted or kicked when caught, but never held or fallen upon; hence there was no wallowing or grovelling on the ground. It was a gentlemen's game; the professors joined in it with zest, the sides numbering at times from fifty to seventy-five each.

During the deep snow of the winter of 1855, an extemporized lofty toboggan slide was erected on the campus, which for a few days contributed to the gaiety of nations. Ah! the jollity of it! After fifty years one cannot think of it without irrepressible laughter.

ANNIVERSARY SERMON OF DR. ELIPHALET NOTT
SIXTY-TWO YEARS PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE

Of the anniversary sermons preached at Fort Edward Collegiate Institute during its fifty-six years, that of Dr. Nott in his ninetieth year is yet remembered by some of "our oldest inhabitants."

Ten years before, I had made his acquaintance. Being called upon to preach on a Sunday in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Schenectady, I noted the president of Union College seated in the congregation. At the close of the service he came forward, greeted me cordially, and asked me to be his guest for the night at his home, a sec-



A CORNER OF THE INSTITUTE PARK

tion of the college buildings. I was welcomed by his wife, a stately and gracious lady, "Urania," of whom a pleasant incident was told me by one of the professors.

In his early seventies the doctor was making week-end visits to Utica, where a very elect lady resided, whose society he desired to cultivate with serious intentions. Vigorous as he was at his advanced age, there were times when his memory of recent matters was unreliable. As he arrived at the city, and took his way toward the well-known destination, he suddenly found himself a good deal perturbed by his inability to remember the name of the lady he purposed to visit. Now the man who had founded and endowed a great college was not without resource. Calling to him a bright-faced boy on the street, he said, "You are a student of the academy?" "Yes." "You know, of course, who is the preceptress?" Thus happily reinforced of the name of the lady, he successfully prosecuted his courtship.

In 1853, though an octogenarian, his tall form was not bowed with the weight of years; his massive head, crowned with abundant white hair, presented something of the Jacksonian militancy. He had keen gray eyes, a large nose, and the broad, generous mouth of an orator, and as he talked with you with an unquivering voice, he seemed but little past the vigorous noon-tide of his days. In the free conversation of the evening when I was his guest, after referring in a very kindly and appreciative way to my sermon of the morning, he said: "Professor, do you know I sometimes have greatly envied you Methodist ministers the liberty to preach just as well as they know how, throwing notes to the dogs, and yielding to the inspiration of the occasion and the hour. Often have I

responded to a call to speak in some rural church, or in a country schoolhouse, saying in my heart, Now I will have a good time and preach at my best, as the Methodists do; but what has been my chagrin to find on my arrival, that some of the professors and a group of seniors from the college had heard of the appointment and got there before me, so that I pull out my notes and remember that it was a college president who was to preach."

When, at ninety years of age, President Nott came to preach at Fort Edward, the institute chapel was thronged to its capacity. It was Sunday evening, and the village churches dispensed with their regular services that they might listen to the venerable man, the eloquent Nestor, the dean of college presidents, who had been the honored and beloved president of Union for three generations.

CO-EDUCATION

At Fort Edward Institute, the proprieties were vigilantly and somewhat rigidly cared for by the administration, as to social life. No scandals were permitted to occur. A few summary expulsions, not more than three in thirty-five years, of too-inconsiderately gallant young men, and the aid of sane and wholesome public opinion, sufficed to conserve decorum and order.

The query arises, "Were there not courtships, engagements, and subsequent marriages occurring in the passing of the years and decades of the co-educational era?" This, perhaps, intrenches on the territory of sacred confidence, but the answer may be "Yes," and not seldom by royal permission and approval. Were it possible to present, at some future reunion, all the well-assorted, congenial couples

that, if made at the Institute, yet were ratified in Heaven, the veteran principal might be warranted in adopting, as he introduced, the historic phrase of the proud Spartan mother, "These are my jewels." Very many, after their school days, followed up the beginnings of friendships in the Institute, and became founders of households elsewhere. One well-planned elopement was ruthlessly "nipped in the bud," the infatuated young lady being conveyed in a closed carriage, with the preceptress as duenna, "safely home to her father's house."

A TYPICAL REUNION

During the co-educational period, a social reunion in the spacious dining hall of the earlier Institute was observed on the last evening of each term. Faculty and students, all were present. For anyone to be absent, except for serious illness, was regarded as offensively disloyal or "queer."

By accession of young ladies from without for the evening, it happened that gallants and ladies were fairly well equal in number when the voluntary promenading began. Never was there permitted a solitary wallflower! The young ladies had their order cards for noting their engagements to march. At a signal of the bell, each gallant escorted his partner to a seat, took another in her place, and resumed the promenade. This program was repeated several times, giving variety to the social occasion. Last came the "Grand Change," when each gentleman at the tap of the bell, with pleasant word to his partner, stepped forward to become the escort of the young lady next in line. There were perhaps twenty changes, and then while

all were standing, the Principal, in a brief address, expressed his good wishes for the recess, and all joined in singing with fervor,

“Together let us sweetly live
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive
And reign above the sky.”

CHAPTER V

A WONDERFUL DECADE

HORACE GREELEY—ORATOR, EDITOR, NATIONAL
BENEFACTOR

In October, 1856, the presidential campaign was growing warm; Buchanan or Fremont was the question. Tidings came to Fort Edward that Horace Greeley of the *Tribune* was to pass through the village and could tarry for an hour, giving an address if desired. The young men sprang to the front: the only public hall was secured and all people within a radius of two miles were informed by house-to-house canvass, "every member," of the opportunity of a lifetime to hear the great champion of free soil and free men.

At four o'clock the hall was thronged to its capacity, so that on the arrival of the speaker it was with difficulty he could be pushed and pulled to the platform. Stumbling awkwardly to a seat, there was something grotesque in his aspect for a moment, and a bevy of Democratic young ladies giggled quite audibly, to the indignation of a giant constable, the only policeman in town, who loudly rebuked them and proposed that they be removed. But the chivalrous Greeley said, "No, I want them all to hear me."

The appearance of Mr. Greeley was unique: his broad shoulders clad in a coat too large for him; a limp unlaunched turn-over collar; heavy spectacles on nose, with a head of a giant, bald at the dome, and abundant uncombed

locks on either side, a clean-shaven face, luxuriant whiskers beneath his chin and cheeks, a smile on his beaming features, childlike and bland. A more open countenance one never saw, a countenance on which candor and sincerity were most legibly stamped. On looking at him you thought of a full, round harvest moon.

If on mounting his Pegasus we smiled at his awkwardness, when he was in saddle we at once sat up and took notice, and as he rode on with a pace more and more vigorous, finally using whip and spur and making a terrific cavalry charge, we looked, listened, and wondered, our only fear that he would make an end. He began with slowly spoken sentences, in a somewhat drawling manner, and not without nasal twang, suggestive of the traditional Yankee backwoods orator (known so well to literature, but rarely seen in real life). Very shortly, however, he quickened his rate of utterance and put a heavier weight on his emphasis. Presently we gasped at a glancing epigram in which was lodged a catapult of truth.

We were now made aware that it was a mighty man we were hearing. The platform which he commended was "progressive" but "sane." "No more slave states," but the compromises of a Constitution must be respected. The Union must be preserved. For the hot-headed political Abolitionists, Garrison and Phillips, he had only tingling sarcasms. They were pestilential disturbers. The American people were patriotic enough and wise enough to meet new problems as they should arise, and in God's own good time, emancipation could come in a legal, orderly, and constitutional manner. We had all been involved in the introduction of slavery into the nation, and we should be willing to bear our part in devising and

carrying out a constitutional policy for its elimination. Meanwhile let all good men stand together.

Mr. Greeley's appeal to young men to cast their first vote for free soil and free men was luminous, forcible, eloquent and irresistible. So thought the writer, who though a hereditary and zealous Democrat, then and there decided to cast his vote for Fremont and Dayton.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ON THE STUMP FOR FREMONT

The National Republican Committee had given a date for Henry Ward Beecher to address a mass meeting at Fort Edward, where three counties, Washington, Warren, and Saratoga, centered, all peopled by New England Puritans and North of Ireland Scotch, notably intelligent and churchgoing. It was very literally a mass meeting, with an estimated assemblage of twenty thousand.

Mr. Beecher arrived on time. As he rose to speak, his was an impressive figure—good to look at—in stature somewhat above the average man, arrayed in clerical black frockcoat, broad shouldered, massive head well set back, brown hair worn long, falling below his broad white collar, his expansive forehead, his large, generous mouth and mobile features, his luminous eyes, that seemed at times to look at and recognize each one of us, his superb health. His voice, for force, carrying power, buoyancy, modulation, and unequalled distinctness of articulation, was a marvel to everyone that heard him on that September day.

The slogan of the presidential campaign, "Free men, free speech, Fremont," was Mr. Beecher's text, on which

for an hour and forty minutes, he held our utmost and sometimes breathless attention, in perhaps one of the greatest utterances of his life. Pastmaster in the use of faultless English, clear in statement, lucid and convincing in argument, himself inspired with a glow of patriotic fervor and reverent, joyous, religious enthusiasm, with the added impelling exuberance of his exhaustless youthful vitality, his discourse, at times enlivened with witty allusion or illustration, or emphasized and enforced by a startling epigram, more and more rose to a lofty height of resistless eloquence.

He began: "The men of today are the makers of history. This is the beginning of an epoch in the life of the nation. Two years ago the Republican party was organized; it was a necessity of the times; the natural constituency of it was the anti-slavery Whigs, the anti-slavery Democrats, the Free Soil party, the remnant of the Knownothings, and such other unattached fragments as hated slavery." Then followed a statesmanlike discussion of the proposition—No more slave states, and the admission of Kansas to the Union unhandicapped, and in every acre of her virgin soil free now and for all time.

His fervor growing every minute warmer, he presently divined that the interest and conviction of his sympathetic audience were becoming too painfully acute, and he determined to give them a moment's respite. Turning to the venerable men seated on the platform, and assuming an amused colloquial tone, he said: "Our vigilant proslavery friends, the enemy, are inventive; when they fail to find a visible blemish in our gallant candidate they do not hesitate to imagine a calumny; we



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. KING

promptly demonstrate its falsity, but it takes them some weeks to get over the habit of repeating it with variations. They remind me of a hunting dog I have. Discovering a woodchuck afield one day, he gave chase and followed him to his hole. Unaware that his would-be victim had escaped by another door of his den, what do you suppose that fool dog did? Why, every day for a month he went barking fiercely at that same old hole."

He expected the laugh that burst from uncounted thousands, as though Niagara had a paroxysm of mirth. Thereafter there was an occasional humorous paragraph or allusion serving both to enliven and humanize his argument, and to rivet attention. Not a word was lost, but the dominating character of his address was a profound earnestness.

Finally he made his appeal directly to young men, and there were many hundreds of such who hung upon his every word. "It is unthinkable that you should hesitate. Ah, you are falling into line—there is the swing of victory in your tread—you will keep step to the music of 'liberty and Union.' " [Suppressed sobs of emotion. Ejaculations of "Yes, yes."]

The speaker closed with a forecast of victory in the not far off future. God was on our side, or rather we were on the side of God. His face was ablaze with an exalted frenzy. So might the face of Isaiah have shone when he shouted to awakening Zion, "Arise, shine, for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

For what seemed a full half-minute there was profound silence, then there rose a mighty voice of applause, with the waving of hats and of handkerchiefs, continuing for several minutes. Many pressed forward to greet the

orator, but he had been quickly and quietly spirited away.

On that day many recruits were made for the young Republican party.

THE CIVIL WAR

Of those who from the Institute enlisted in the Union Army, and of those also who became our students after a two-year service in the army, there were ninety-seven, and three went home to enlist on the Confederate side. Some became colonels and captains; and no less than twenty-five of our students died on the battlefield or in hospitals. One student, Reuben M. Preston, of Panama, New York, for his exceptional intelligence and alertness was detailed to the signal service. His ardent patriotism was not content there, for soon he wrote me that he had enlisted as a soldier, and desired to go to the front. He begged me to write to Hon. Preston King, at that time United States Senator from New York, to use his influence to be put where he could do his share of the fighting. His request was granted and a few weeks later he was killed while at the front by the side of Col. James H. Dandy, Jr., of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, who had been his classmate at the Institute.

VISITS TO THE FRONT IN '61 AND '62

In July of 1861, availing myself of a newspaper pass on the railway, I resolved to see something of the war. I arrived at Chicago on a Saturday evening and spent Sunday there. Sunday afternoon, telegraphic tidings were coming of the battle of Bull Run. For hours I stood with thousands intensely watching the bulletin

board. The sternness of the faces as we read of defeat, our beaten forces retreating into Washington! I felt with those thousands an awful baptism of patriotic frenzy. It was no surprise on the next day to read that Congress had appropriated millions, and authorized the call for 500,000 volunteers. No "copperhead" dared to hiss, or, if he did, he was smitten to the ground.

For the whole of Monday, seated in the baggage car with open door, as we whizzed over measureless acres of green growing corn, I perused the broad landscape, and thought deeply of the mighty Civil War, no longer a holiday parade, or a walk-over victory. Thousands of new troops were gathering in Cairo, Illinois. I saw them parading and being drilled. The steady perusal of the wide stretches of prairie for hours had temporarily destroyed my sense of proportion; the soldiers seemed undersized, almost midget.

No room was to be had in the hotel. A bright man of my own age, seeing my trouble, accosted me. "Professor King, you once rendered me a great favor. This is my time to reciprocate; you must be my guest." This friend in need proved to be a reporter for the New York *Herald*. He had recently won his spurs and was in high favor.

When the great senator, Stephen A. Douglas, the former political antagonist of President Lincoln (but when Sumter was fired on, also his pronounced friend and ally) lay on his dying bed in Chicago, the whole nation anxiously seeking daily bulletins as to his condition, this astute reporter was able to telegraph exclusively to the *Herald* three columns of an authorized interview, telling how the dying statesman rejected with thanks

the ministrations of a Roman Catholic prelate, declaring that he died in the faith of his Puritan fathers, and demanding that his children be brought up in this faith. In the natural journalistic pride of the *Herald* over this exclusive story, the young reporter found himself in possession of a check for three hundred dollars and a handsome new rig—horse and buggy—all his own.

On Tuesday morning in company with my *Herald* friend we crossed the broad junction of rivers in a launch, and saw on the Mississippi shore the ceremony of the presentation by a group of ladies of a fine silk banner to a regiment of new volunteers. Alas, how many of those gallant young men were to give their precious lives that a nation might not perish!

In the autumn of 1862, with Professor Seaman A. Knapp, I got a nearer view of the actual and awful aspect of the great Civil War. It was two days after the battle of Antietam; we lingered in the cornfield which had thrice been lost and won, beside the fresh-made graves of hundreds. Then we came to the wide stretch of temporized hospital tents, where other hundreds, friend and foe alike, were ministered to by surgeons and nurses. How still they all were,—not a groan was heard from any. That night we slept in a Fort Edward tent with David Harvey King, my brother, a hospital steward, and the McCoy brothers, young officers. We were shown their garments, pierced by death-dealing balls.

We found Washington city a gloomy hospital camp, many cots in the Patent Office building. A somewhat distant glimpse of the profoundly sad but determined face of the great Lincoln, and we had no heart to linger longer.

In 1863, the returning Twenty-second Regiment, after its two years of service, was welcomed, the remnant of it, by a great throng of villagers. By request of the authorities, I made the address of welcome.

On the death of Lincoln I made the funeral oration at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

SONNET TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Of humble parentage, log-cabin born,
Yet Nature reared him on a generous plan,
Stalwart and tall an upright Godly man.
Nor school nor college his, but not forlorn
He laughs unkind environment to scorn.
Alone, untaught, his statesman's course began;
His motto this, "They can who think they can."
What loftiest station might he not adorn!
His mission came, the Nation's life to save
And dash the fetters off from every slave!
His name to hand to future ages down
Alas! that he must wear a martyr's crown.
Our epoch knows no worthier, wiser, greater
Than Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator.

CHAPTER VI

CONFERENCE EXPERIENCES

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1856

My only prolonged absences from the daily and regular duties of administration and instruction (having never less and often more than three daily classes) were my three General Conferences, requiring delegates to be present for the month of May.

In 1856, at Indianapolis, I was a delegate from Vermont Conference. While too youthful to take a leading part, I had my say as to the correction of boundary lines between the Vermont and the Troy conferences; and it was stimulating to be in touch with men at the front, such as Dr. Thomas Carlton, long-time publishing agent of the church, Dr. Dempster, founder of the first Theological Institute, Dr. John B. Durbin, the great missionary secretary, Dr. John McClintock, the readiest and most scholarly orator and debater of that conference. This General Conference formally approved the new theological schools, and expressed itself very decidedly against slave-holding by church members.

Peter Cartwright, a unique character who had gained celebrity as a pioneer, and who had been in his day an acknowledged leader of the church, was there. His knowledge of human nature and his ready wit supplied the lack of literary culture. In debate he was pithy and again humorous. It is related of him, in his earliest ministry, that while seated in his pulpit by the side of a

presiding elder who was to preach, the elder said in a whisper, "That is General Jackson who has just come in." Answered the young pastor so as to be heard by the audience, "Who is General Jackson? Unless he repents of his sins, God will damn him as soon as He would a Guinea nigger." He and Jackson became fast friends. At a session of his annual conference, he was solemnly asked by Bishop Hamlin, who reproved him for setting his brethren into a paroxysm of laughter during debate, "Brother Cartwright, do you believe you are growing in grace?" Cartwright answered, after whimsically looking himself over, "Yes, Bishop, in spots!"

At this conference there came to me a pretty booklet in Hiawathian verse, rehearsing the situation at the Institute, humorously, but in a loyal spirit, to my no little edification in my prolonged absence.

A BROKEN AXLE; A SPEAKING EXPERIENCE

It had so happened that I preached in great St. James Wesleyan Church, Montreal, donning for the first time in my life the Episcopal gown. The appreciative congregation remembered me, and I was asked to speak to them on their missionary platform in December of the following year.

Arriving at Rutland at 8 p. m., I walked leisurely along with the conductor to the hotel. I sat warming myself; it was bitter cold. Presently I said to the conductor, "How soon do we start for Burlington?" "Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock." "But I must be at Burlington at 9 a. m. tomorrow!" "We can do nothing for you tonight," he replied. "Well, tell me of the best livery in Rutland."

I secured a top buggy, drawn by two Morgan mares, the driver a typical Vermonter, alert, resourceful, reliable. Though I had left good sleighing in Fort Edward, the ground was bare in Rutland, and frozen like a rock. Borrowing a wolf-robe coat and cap, I greatly enjoyed the thirty miles to Brandon, accomplished in less than three hours. My exceptional Jehu, after getting his ten dollars, volunteered to send a livery man to me, who would convey me to Burlington in time to connect with another train. He had first to feed his horses, which consumed another hour. Then there arrived a covered buggy, with a pair of unpromising horses, the driver a lank, overgrown boy of seventeen. We started. The pace was too tardy, the weather colder. "Whip up, my boy!" I said. So he did, and as we were whirling down a long slope on the edge of Ferrisburg, snap! went the forward axle-tree on both sides. I was heavily jarred, but not hurt; and though the boy was dragged from his seat, he contrived to hold on to the horses, sniveling and swearing at the same time. I said, "Stop that! Be thankful that your useless life has been spared. Follow me to the hotel yonder!" After a chilly walk of a mile, I found the hotel, and the landlord shaving himself before a mirror. "We have broken down en route to Burlington. I must be there for the 9 a. m. train. Will you take me?" "Yes," said he, "I was going elsewhere, but that can wait." "If you connect, you may make your own terms; if we fail, you must be reasonable with me." He called to the barn across the street. "Put in Old John!" Then to me, "Step into the dining room, and get a cup of hot coffee and 'a bite'."

Meanwhile my disgusted boy arrived, and I allowed

him six dollars for his ineffective service. When "Old John" warmed up, ah! how he sped over the frozen ground. We got in sight of Burlington. "Suppose," said I, "we break down, and are not hurt?" "Then," said he, "I will put you on Old John and you can connect." We dashed to the station. An engine was under steam. "How soon do you start for Montreal?" "In five minutes." "Well," said I to my efficient Vermont Jehu, "We have connected; how much?" "I guess," said he, "that three dollars is about right." By him I shipped back my wolf-coat and cap.

In the great missionary meeting I had a freer time by virtue of my night ride. I could illustrate how an interrupting casualty may make surer your connection. Had not the axle broken, I should not have connected. I reported optimistically for the Methodist Missionary cause and the vigorous growth of the Church. "Our rivals might be glad to bury us, and if they could they might make fitting use of the Frenchman's epitaph to his wife:

"Beneath this stone my wife doth lie,
She is at rest, and so am I."

A converted Indian chief shared my honors on the platform.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF '64

The General Conference of 1864 at Philadelphia was held during a period of great civic excitement. The conference adjourned for a day of fasting and prayer for the Union cause. To the committee sent by the Conference to assure Mr. Lincoln of the determination of both ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church

to sustain the government by their prayers and by every effort in their power, the President replied, "Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any, yet, without this, it may be fairly said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the rest, is by its great numbers the most important of all. It is no fault that the Methodist Episcopal Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to Heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Episcopal Church—God bless all the churches."

EPISODE IN GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1864

We had elected three bishops: Clark, Thompson, and Kingsley. Daniel Curry was chosen editor of the *Christian Advocate* to succeed Doctor Thompson, made bishop.

The patriotic fervor of the General Conference was relieved somewhat by pausing for a day of fasting and prayer. In the church appointed for a public service, the giants of the Conference mightily wrestled in prayer to the God of nations to bless the Federal armies and give victory to the cause of liberty and the Union. In the same week, while all our nerves were tense with excitement and anxiety, occurred a dramatic episode that made the Conference of 1864 memorable to all who witnessed it. While the routine business was in progress, at about eleven o'clock there arose in front and near the platform, an eminent and distinguished delegate, his aspect stern and militant—so might an angry Roman senator have looked. It was Dr. John A. Collins, of Baltimore Conference. "Mr. President," he said, "I

rise to a question of privilege." "Dr. Collins will state what is the question of privilege." "I am credibly informed, sir, that a fellow-member of this General Conference has imputed to me disloyalty to our government which is struggling for its life against an armed rebellion." After a pause—"I demand to know whether the attitude of this person has been correctly reported."

A pause of ten seconds, awful silence, then, still nearer the platform, arose the colossal figure of Colonel Moody, of Ohio, the fighting parson. Looking balefully at his questioner, and in a low but most distinct voice, with a deliberate and emphatic accent, he replied, "Mr. President, the imputation of disloyalty for which an explanation is demanded occurred in a confidential conversation of gentlemen and was not designed for the public ear; but as the gentleman demands a public answer to this question, I do not hesitate to give it. That imputation of disloyalty was my private opinion, and it is now publicly expressed, and I accept the responsibility." There was the stillness of the grave for what seemed a half moment. Then on each of the pale cheeks of the Baltimore delegate flashed a spot of red. With constrained and yet vehement earnestness he said, "I have, sir, in my pocket at this moment a letter from the Secretary of War, personally thanking me for important services I have been able to render for the national cause in these perilous times." Both were standing not two yards apart looking malignantly at each other.

And now came a miracle. The whole Conference and the vast audience that filled the church broke into the most frenzied clapping and cheering, thus proclaiming their confidence in the calumniated man and their reproof

to his accuser. Colonel Moody held his head bowed in acceptance of his punishment and in unspoken apology to the man he had mistakenly assailed. Bishop Janes vigorously pounded the table with his gavel, but the uproar grew the louder; then another colossal figure arose and shouted with a clarion voice, "Mr. President." The uproar was suspended. "Mr. President, there are times in which some apparent disorder may be the highest possible type of order, and this is such a time." One more brief outburst; the contestants sniled upon each other; not an additional word was spoken. The incident was closed and the business of the Conference resumed.

Some of us thought that for that timely act of consummate leadership, Jesse T. Peck should have been made bishop then and there.

During this period of absence the administration of the Institute was in charge of my brother, Professor James Marcus King, and his wisdom, discretion, and tact wholly safeguarded the situation.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF '68

The General Conference of 1868, at Chicago, elected no bishop, though four vacancies were to occur during the ensuing quadrennium. This conference reaffirmed its willingness to admit lay delegates when the laity of the church should express by their vote a desire for it.

The address of the official representative of the British Wesleyan Church, Rev. Dr. William M. Punshon, was marvelously eloquent, and made a deep impression upon the conference, showing him well equipped for his eminence. The morning of the address being cloudy and dark, he made tactful use of the traditional story of the phenom-

enally dark day during the constitutional convention in Connecticut. One excited member, believing the world was coming to an end, moved to adjourn. The president of the conference refused to put the motion, saying, "If this is to be the last day of earth, let us be found at the post of duty. Light the candles, and let the business proceed!"

I heard also the masterful address of Doctor Punshon in the chapel of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. Pleading for classical culture he said, "Will the well-tempered broadsword cut less keenly if there be jewels in its hilt?"

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES

Admitted a probationer to the Vermont Annual Conference in 1848, I was requested to make a missionary address on the evening of that anniversary. Bishop Hamline, presiding, was impressed with the scope and spirit of that maiden speech of mine, and said to the elder in the cabinet, "There is a vacancy in a large church in Cincinnati; that is the man to fill it. I shall appoint him to the place." Those cabinet elders, being trustees of Newbury Seminary, took alarm and begged me to allow my name to be withdrawn for a year so as to get rid of the bishops' hand. Consenting to their request, I was able to keep my engagement to be principal of the Seminary, but I lost a year's growth in the Conference.

That Conference made me their official visitor to Wesleyan University, and since 1848 I have had a voice and a vote in the Board of Trustees of my alma mater, never being absent from an annual meeting, except one summer when I was abroad. In 1850, in addition to my office as principal, I had charge of outlying appoint-

ments in the vicinity of Newbury. My first sermon was delivered in the rural church in South Newbury; my second in the Methodist Episcopal church in the village before the faculty and students. I had written out my discourse. After reading for perhaps five minutes, I lost my place and was aware that I was getting confused. I therefore laid the manuscript aside, and went on with greater freedom without it. Since that day I have never taken even a brief with me to any pulpit.

In 1857, on request of the Troy Conference, my membership was transferred to that Conference. In neither of these Conferences have I once been absent at the opening roll-call, nor in the sixty-five years have I been out of my seat in the Conference beyond a day, observing every feature of the Conference business, taking my share of committee work, having my say in any important debate, paying each year my brotherly tribute to the fallen soldiers of the Lord, and always giving my testimony in the Sunday morning Conference love feast, joining heartily and joyfully in the singing of the hymns of lofty cheer. Four times I have been assigned as counsel for the defense in church trials before the court of the Conference, and in each trial the brother arraigned was unanimously acquitted and vindicated.

A Conference brother who had served rural charges acceptably for more than thirty years, was arraigned, tried, and expelled from the Conference and from the church for the atrocious offense of stealing fifty dollars awarded by the Conference committee on claims to the widow of a deceased superannuate. An appeal being made to the General Committee in 1860, a new trial was authorized. While sitting in my office at the Institute, one

morning in March, 1861, a young man sought an interview. It was the son of the discredited minister. "My father is an innocent man; you can prove it if you will consent to become his counsel. The humiliation of his expulsion from the Conference is destroying the family—mother is nigh unto death, I have left college. Will you not consent to conduct our case in the new trial?" I had, meanwhile, been thinking over what I knew of the former trial, and a feasible plan for his father's vindication flashed into my mind. "Yes," I said, "I believed your father innocent, and I will do my best for him." The son had said, "We can establish an alibi proving that father, on the morning of the distribution of the money for conference claimants, was absent from the seat of Conference, visiting the Shakers." The thought occurred to me, "Why were the sole alleged witnesses of the taking of the widow's money either past middle age or aged men?" A cross-examination of those honest aged men will demonstrate their incompetency as witnesses.

The alibi was shown to be positively true, but lacked something of demonstration. The inability of the counsel for the Conference to prove by any other witnesses than those few aged men, the taking of the widow's money at the Pittsfield Conference, left the result of the appeal depending on the cross-examination of those few direct witnesses. For more than ten years the entire Conference knew that the expelled brother was accustomed to receive the widow's award when the money was distributed, and they knew from the former trial that the deceased superannuate, in his dying hour, had commended his family to his care. The cross-examination showed

that the most aged brother was incompetent from failing memory: "What was the weather on the morning of the opening of the Pittsburgh Conference?" "Why it was a pleasant morning." (We all knew that it was a drenching rain, and some had brought rubbers.) "Who presided at the Conference?" "It was Bishop Ames—no, it was Bishop Baker." "Who was the secretary of that conference?" "I disremember." "On which side of the church was the accused brother when, as you say, you saw him take the widow's money?" "Why, on the north aisle." "You are certain of your recollection of that?" "Yes." The others saw him on the south aisle. The three other witnesses, being honest men, were each compelled to acknowledge that they had a prejudice against the expelled brother. "Why, Brother S., could you think the accused brother capable of taking the widow's money?" "He had wronged me when we were colleagues in dividing the donations." "Brother W., had you any prejudice against the accused man?" "Well, I had engaged to sell a set of Clark's Commentaries to a lady, and the accused brother slipped in and sold a set, thus getting the commission." "Dr. S., why did you say to me yesterday, 'Professor, why do you undertake to defend that scoundrel?—I would not trust him as far as you could throw a dog across the creek?'" "Well, you have a right to my answer. It was psychological, I saw in his face that he was a dishonest man." These four were honest men; they had seen the accused take the widow's money year after year, and, their prejudice having unconsciously affected their perception and memory, they testified that they saw him take the money at the Pittsfield Conference. The fifty dollars had been anonymously returned to the

widow, with interest, by the unknown thief. My client was unanimously acquitted and installed, and lived for twenty-six years thereafter, having the confidence and love of his brethren. His wife was killed by the cruel three years of ignominy that his expulsion from the Conference had brought to the family.

My other Conference lawsuits involved issues of veracity and alleged maladministration, and all were gained by my clients.

At the Pittsfield Conference, in 1878, a telegram announced the death of Bishop Ames, and the president of the Conference, Bishop Foster, called upon me to lead the conference in prayer.

At the Burling Conference, in 1880, I made, by request, a brief memorial address in honor of Bishop Haven.

Soon after the death of my college classmate, Bishop E. G. Andrews, I presented a brief memorial to him at the request of the Albany preacher's institute.

In recent years, the bishop has appointed me to preside at special services of the Conference, and I have considered it very considerate of the brethren that they have accepted me. No disorderly friskiness occurred during my brief administration.

For over forty years the courtesy has been permitted me of nominating the Conference Secretary, and moving the rules of order, and from 1872 the delicate and difficult role of necrologist was assigned me. While serving for a decade as president of the Troy Conference Life Assurance Association, there was published in the Conference minutes a contribution of mine in verse.

CHAPTER VII

A VACATION ABROAD

On the ocean liner *City of Boston*, under Captain Leitch, I took passage for a two-months' tour, in the expectation of sharing my stateroom with a college friend and Psi Upsilon brother, who did not arrive. There was not a soul on board with whom I had a speaking acquaintance.

Quite unafraid, I proceeded to enjoy my first sea voyage. Having a seat at the captain's table, there was no lack of vivacious conversation. The surgeon was delightfully humorous. One day, while walking the deck, I had a delightful surprise—a former Newbury student, B. Frank Stevens, greeted me warmly. He had gained an important position in London, that of American Despatch Agent, and had been taking his fair young London wife to visit his parents in Vermont. I was duly presented, and the Stevens not only gave a cheerful aspect to my voyage, but they called in London, and extended some delightful hospitalities.

JULY 4TH CELEBRATION

The supreme event of my voyage was the spirited and successful celebration, by some scores of American passengers, of our national anniversary, July fourth, mid-sea. Taking with me an intelligent young merchant from Philadelphia, Mr. Bonsell, whose acquaintance I had made, we, a self-appointed committee, waited on Captain Leitch, who was British, to learn if the American passengers might celebrate our American anniversary after our

own fashion. He responded, "Certainly, gentlemen, the *City of Boston* is yours for the day."

I had thoughtfully provided from Appleton's a copy of the Declaration of Independence, the only copy on board.

After the mid-day meal, I announced the permit so graciously given by the Captain, and called to the chair Edwin Stoughton, Esq., of New York, who proceeded to announce and introduce the themes and speakers as fully arranged by us. He had made, on taking the chair, a brief but eloquent address, and tactfully considerate that half a dozen gentlemen of the company were prominent Confederates, said, "Today we are all Americans, and all join heartily and harmoniously in celebrating our one great national anniversary." The program was as follows:

1. Reading of the Declaration of Independence

By Mr. Sterling Bonsell

(Well read, with some elimination out of consideration of our British captain.)

2. "The Day we Celebrate."

By Clarence Seward of New York

(A cultured and witty, as well as patriotic, response. He did not forget to suggest that, as we were "half seas over," a reasonable allowance should be made for any slips in oratory.)

3. "His Excellency the President of the United States—
Andrew Johnson"

By Colonel John Hay, Charge d'Affaires to Austria

(to which embassy he was travelling. He spoke diplomatically and sensibly about standing by our agents (cheers). This superb young American I had personal talk with. He was afterward Sec-

retary of State for two administrations, and notably was the author of the policy of the open door to China.)

Song—Hail, Columbia.

4. "Her Majesty Queen Victoria"

Responded to by Dr. Hallett, the surgeon
(in a scholarly and rollicking speech, with cheers.)
Song—God save the Queen. Tune: America.

5. "The Flag"

By Brigadier General Singleton of New York

6. "The Men of the American Revolution"

By Joseph E. King of Fort Edward, New York
(When he closed his speech with "Thank God in our day has been made good the prophetic dream of the Declaration, there are no slaves in all our broad land" there were vigorous cheers.)

Song—Yankee Doodle.

7. "The Press"

By F. S. Whittlesey, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y.
Song—We Won't Go Home until Morning.

8. "The Ladies"

By Dr. Doremus of New York (afterward very eminent)
Mingled elegance and buffoonery (cheers).
Song—by Cavanagh, "Uncle Ned" with variations.

9. "Westward the Star of Empire"

By Colonel Butlick of Wisconsin

The wind-up was a Kalathumpian parade with all possible improvised instruments.

The Confederate gentlemen had been quite swept off their feet by the flood of genuine patriotism which characterized the celebration.

I had a charming visit with Mr. Blount, a lawyer of Alabama, and on our last day together, Dr. Eve, a sur-

geon in the Confederate army, sought an interview to propose resolutions of appreciation to the Captain, officers, and crew of the steamer. "Yes, by all means, Doctor, and you yourself must prepare the resolutions."

Rising near the close of the mid-day meal, I asked the attention of the company. "Ladies and gentlemen, the pleasant sight this morning of the wished-for land has turned our thoughts to the benign providence that has assured our safety, and we can but have kind thoughts also to the instruments of that providence, the officers and crew of the good steamship *City of Boston*. I have asked Dr. Eve to give suitable expression to our thought on this occasion. I call Mr. Stoughton to the chair."

The doctor, a middle aged-gentleman of fine presence, stood forth, and read with fervent emphasis his three resolutions. After remembering courtesies came the second resolution, "that the noble conduct and generous spirit exhibited by Captain Leitch on the Fourth of July, the national day of our beloved country, and his sympathy, on that occasion, with everything American, call for the expression of our sincerest thanks, and best wishes for the continued success and prosperity of his excellent steamer." All the resolutions were most heartily applauded, particularly this.

On rising to respond, the Captain was evidently greatly moved, tears were streaming down his cheeks. When he could recover himself he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have had many happy days, but before God I declare that that Fourth of July was the happiest day of my life." Ah, how our hearts burned and flowed together—British, or American, Union or Confederate—we were consciously one grateful, happy family!

We reached the dock at midnight. There my trunk was grabbed by a burly Irishman, who plunged into a dark street with it, though I had not given the order, making, as he had said, for the Queen's Hotel. Absolutely alone, I accepted the situation as an adventure—keeping my right hand, however, on a pistol that had been given me by Remington on the occasion of his wedding—and—nothing happened. I found myself let in the hotel, and greeted hospitably by the night clerk. My Irishman was dismissed with his shilling.

SPURGEON AND THE TABERNACLE

I had started early, but to my surprise and chagrin the iron gate was closed with "No admittance" on the placard. By a vigorous gesture, I called to the gate a young man. "I must get in," I said, "I have come three thousand miles to hear Mr. Spurgeon." "Are you connected with the press?" "Certainly, I report for an American journal." "Well," he said, "some missionaries will be sent out to their work soon, and then you can be admitted." Meanwhile the vast congregation was lifting up its voice in song; then came forth the missionary heralds, and I found myself within the gates of Zion.

I stood against the wall inside, only too happy to have that privilege. The prayer ended, and I observed ten seats in front a lady standing and beckoning to me to come for a seat. I raised my hand in protest, when she made me understand that she could find a seat for herself. I gratefully took the place vacated for me. There was British hospitality!

Doctor Spurgeon was in high health, and in joyful, reverent tones and with perfect articulation, for a full

hour poured forth his gospel message. Every one of the six thousand eager listeners could hear it.

A section of the church were to receive communion—"The stranger within our gates is cordially invited." Passing to the near egress, I said, "But I am a Methodist." "Brother, you are welcome," and a ticket was placed in my hand. I passed in and partook of the bread and wine with my Baptist brethren, and have loved them all better ever since.

The afternoon I gave to a visit to the venerable church and rectory where Mr. Wesley closed his labors. Yes, this little seven by nine corner room was his study. From these books he had forged the messages that had so powerfully moved England and America. The world, indeed was his parish! And here adjacent was the room where he uttered his last word: "The best of all, God is with us!"

BUNYAN'S GRAVE

Sunday afternoon, while returning from the Wesley shrine, we came to an open and well-kept cemetery lot. I stepped in; it was Bunnel Field. I was quite alone. No; presently there entered a lady and her little girl, carrying a wreath. Ah, I thought, death is ever with us. I saw the girl place her wreath upon a grave. When they had passed on and out, I went to the grave they had decorated. It was that of John Bunyan, who had died three hundred years ago. This, I thought, has a flavor of immortality.

PARIS: EMPEROR'S FÊTE

August 10 was the Emperor's fête day; I waited to take it in. A fanfarade of guns and trumpets at an early hour

started a general movement of soldiers. Half a dozen theatres ran throughout the day, free to all comers, and were thronged by the employe class and peasants. The Rue Roi de Rome was said to be the storm centre of the carousal. On either side, the street was lined with hundreds of booths. It was estimated that two hundred thousand people occupied a great square that sloped to the river. At the base was a vast stage, on which appeared at short intervals pantomime performances—romantic acts with many gestures and contortions—then music, then evolutions of soldiers, and again pantomime.

Weary at nightfall I returned, via the Arc d'Triomphe, which blazed with thousands of gas jets, and the entire Champs Élysées was illumined with gas jets six inches apart. Two things amazed me—first the perfect order that prevailed,—I had seen no moment of friction, no one jostled, no arrests and no occasion for the service of invisible policemen. Second, the solid absence of enthusiasm, no cheering for the costly entertainments provided for the people at the expense of the sovereign; no shout of *vive l'Emperor* from any throat, from morning till midnight.

Four years later, when Paris looked on with almost grim complacency at the pantomime of two nations in combat, with their Emperor in prison, and Eugenie on her way to exile, I remembered their astounding irresponsiveness at the Emperor's fête in 1867.



DR. KING IN HIS OFFICE

CHAPTER VIII

SOME MEN THAT IMPRESSED ME

HORATIO SEYMOUR—DEMOCRAT, GOVERNOR, PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE

In Onondaga County, N. Y., in 1810, Horatio Seymour was born. His higher education was acquired at Oxford and Geneva academies and at Captain Alden Partridge's American Literary, Scientific and Military Academy at Middletown, Conn., whose buildings and grounds became a little later the home of Wesleyan University.

Admitted to the bar at twenty-two, though having a large inheritance to care for, he chose to devote his elegant leisure to politics. He was elected Mayor of Utica, and was repeatedly sent to the Legislature.

At the age of twenty-seven Mr. Seymour was Speaker of the Assembly of Albany. He had thus rare opportunities for personal acquaintance with the leading politicians and for the study of statecraft, in which he became a past master. Probably no man had a better knowledge of the history and the resources of New York than Mr. Seymour. An ardent admirer of Jackson and Van Buren, he became the champion of Democracy, and was in demand for many platforms as an able, eloquent, and convincing public speaker, however specious and disingenuous some might be disposed to regard his arguments.

In the presidential campaign of 1860 he had deprecated the possible election of Lincoln as a calamity.

The better way was to settle the threatening breach with our Southern brethren by a patriotic compromise. We were slaveholders once, and consequently responsible for the present unhappy condition. Let the North purchase the freedom of all the slaves. Was not such a course wiser and better than a war which would cost hundreds of millions more, besides thousands of precious lives of our own kinsmen?

This was the burden of his speech before an immense mass meeting on "the island" at Fort Edward. He presented his argument with great vigor and with unsurpassed eloquence—he appealed to hundreds of farmers in the audience to be broad-minded and to save the nation from a fratricidal war. "Let us remember that we be brethren!"

As a group of us, several ladies of the faculty of Fort Edward Institute and myself, were returning from the island after hearing the address, his carriage overtook us on the bridge. We had met at university convocations and he recognized me, stopped his carriage and alighted, warmly greeted me, and on being presented to the ladies begged permission to take the ladies to the Institute in his carriage—such a chivalrous gentleman was Governor Seymour!

His extraordinary conversational power I had discovered at the convocation receptions at Albany. A favorite theme was the composite character of the citizenship of the state, suggesting to him a resultant manhood that should surpass anything in the world.

Despite his optimistic theory of a peaceful solution of the pending unpleasantness, when Sumter was fired on and the Civil War actually began, Seymour unhesitatingly declared for upholding the Union cause with armed bat-

talions, and was greatly influential in raising recruits for the army, and, under the glamour of these patriotic activities, was elected Governor in 1862.

ELOQUENCE OF BISHOP SIMPSON

As Mont Blanc among the foot-hills, so Bishop Simpson towered above his contemporaries as the master pulpit orator of his generation. His oratory was simple and natural, acceptable alike to the learned and unlearned. With a handsome personal presence, and a somewhat musical voice, sympathetic and penetrating, his style was not without a tendency of monotonous sing-song. Not unfrequently he could launch an allusion or a sentence of surpassing beauty, and when the heavenly afflatus came on him he was irresistible and overwhelming. Such was his marvelous mastery over the eight thousand Chicago and Evanston people, assembled at the Des Plaines Camp Meeting, who at times almost held their breath lest they might lose a sentence or a word from the lips of this inspired prophet of God.

Dr. Bannister, of the Theological School, and myself, so great was the throng in the vast auditorium, had retreated to the rude board tent, or lodging place for ministers in the rear of the preacher's stand. The text was announced: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." The unimpressionable and severely critical doctor, once principal at Cazenovia, threw himself back on the couch in disappointment and vexation. We had both heard this sermon before, and now had we come so far only to listen to a twice-told tale?

Before ten sentences were spoken, the stern doctor rose to a sitting posture; a moment later he sprang to

his feet, and stood, tense and strained in his eagerness to catch every word through the screen of boards which prevented us from seeing the preacher. So, for an hour and a half, tears often trickling down his cheeks unregarded, he stood, braced against the bunk, occasionally catching his breath in the intense excitement; and so stood his comrade, our only fear that he should make an end. When the end came, too soon, neither of us uttered a word while the vast audience was dispersing, our unspoken doxology being, "Thank God there is a Bishop Simpson, and we have lived to hear him at his best."

JOHN B. GOUGH, PRINCE OF TEMPERANCE ORATORS

Everybody wanted to hear Gough. The press was kind to the handsome young reformed inebriate, who, at twenty-five, had begun to tell his story, and who developed a marvelous natural eloquence, evoking equally and surely both laughter and tears. I first heard him when he was twenty-six, in his fiery youth. Ten years later, in the superb maturity of his powers, I heard him in the Presbyterian Church in the rural village of Batchellerville; the whole population was there.

In person somewhat under medium size, slender, erect, with a typical English face, abundant brown hair, hanging down to his collar, side and chin whiskers, seemingly allowed to expand for the purpose of conveying an aspect of venerableness, brilliant and scintillating dark eyes, a pleasing and flexible baritone voice, that two hours of strain could not impair, with a marvelous range of gesture—descriptive, appealing or deprecatory—a consummate actor always, and, at times, a masterful orator—such was John B. Gough at thirty-six.

The oratory of Gough was all very human. You found yourself in profound sympathy with the inebriate, struggling to throw off the chain of his demonized appetite for drink, and you were disposed to help as if, indeed, you were akin to the unfortunate wretch. When the appalling climax came, and you saw realistically depicted the brave, strong young man in the clutches of delirium tremens, your soul was rent with sympathetic anguish at the tragedy. For years and years you could not recall that portion of Gough's address without a renewed thrill of pain. Some modern theologians are suspected of trying to eliminate from our creed a belief in a future hell, into which the incorrigibly wicked shall be cast, but let them witness for a half hour the wrestling of a strong man to cast off the "snakes," in a spasm of delirium tremens, and they will confess that hell is quite a possible part in this life.

Some years later, after his second return from England, I heard Gough in a two hours' oration at Glens Falls, N. Y. His theme was "The Lights and Shadows in London." It was all luminous and vivid—his portrayal of "high life," the Parliament, the Lord Mayor's dinner, glimpses of royalty, etc., but what I remember best, and I feel like apologizing therefor, was a droll scene in the slums which he described. It seems he was the guest of the chief of police, and together they were visiting the underworld of London. Calling to him by a gesture a gamin, a bright lad of thirteen, who was known to be an expert pickpocket, the chief suggested a concrete example of his prowess. There was passing in the middle of the street, a dignified and over-dressed fop. With monocle on eye, and with a haughty air of indifference,

he stalked majestically on. The gamin quietly slipped a few yards behind him, imitating his step and nearing him gradually. Now he is within touching distance, when he proceeds adroitly to abstract a delicate cambric handkerchief from the pocket of the dignified pedestrian. Looking at it contemptuously for an instant, he then ostentatiously spits in it, and deliberately folding it, deftly returns it to the pocket. Still keeping step, he walked backward until he regained the sidewalk, where he received his shilling from one of the party!

The audience had been entertained for an hour and a half. Their sides ached with so much laughter; but now came a lightning change. Gough had not forgotten the grand mission of his life. As the old Roman senator—whatever theme he may have been discussing—never closed a speech without adding "*Carthago delenda est*," so the faithful temperance evangelist in the fifteen minutes of his fervid peroration fixed in every mind the one supreme thought, "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean and cursed thing."

SAMUEL J. TILDEN—LAWYER, STATESMAN, PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE

The son of a farmer-merchant of Columbia County, N. Y., dwelling in the neighborhood of Kinderhook, and in touch with the farm of Van Buren, Samuel J. Tilden early breathed a fervid political atmosphere, and at sixteen prepared an address which was adopted as a party manifesto by the Democrats in the pending election.

An opportunity came to us in 1875 to see him and hear him speak at Fort Edward in a well-filled opera house where, on request of the village authorities, I introduced

him. Referring to his eminent services and reforms, I closed my appreciative period with: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor and pleasure of presenting to you the noblest Roman of them all—Governor Tilden."

He was of medium height, slender and erect. His smooth-shaven face, when in repose, bore an aspect of grim determination, but when he was animated in conversation or in a speech his plain Roman features lighted up with an ingratiating smile.

Scholarly and choice in his language, singularly distinct in articulation, there was a logical solidity in his message and his argument that deeply impressed his audience. His theme was "Civic Uprightness," and it was urged with an obvious candor and a patriotic force that were very convincing. The eloquent Governor was heartily cheered.

Accepting my invitation to visit the Institute, he addressed our faculty and students, over four hundred of us assembled in the chapel, on the non-partisan theme, "The Great Value of the Habit of Reading."

He closed his most felicitous address of thirty minutes with an admirable rendering of Cicero's peroration in his defense of the poet Archias. Of course our students were delighted.

AT WASHINGTON

En route for the General Conference at Indianapolis, I arranged to go by way of Washington. It was 1856, and Franklin Pierce was near the end of his presidency. A Democrat by heredity, I had given him my maiden vote, despite the uncomplimentary estimate made of him by a Whig neighbor of his, a plain-spoken farmer,—“Well, yes,

up in New Hampshire Franklin Pierce may be a pretty big man, but come to spread him all over the United States he looks almighty thin."

He had won his spurs and his nomination for the presidency in the Mexican War. I found him an attractive, soldierly presence, affable, apt in conversation, a thorough gentleman. We were received in the Green room. He entered heartily into the matter of the coming conference, speaking pleasantly of men known to both of us. I was at a loss how properly to end the interview. He tactfully came to my relief, "Have you seen the portrait of Washington in the Blue room? You will be pleased to see it." We shook hands, and, the guard showed us to the Blue room.

At the table at my boarding place in Washington, I sat vis-a-vis a person of striking figure, resembling very much Senator Douglas, short in stature, with a noble head, and obvious aspect of distinction. He was chaplain to the Senate, Henry Clay Dean. We became at once mutually interested, and shortly took on the manner of old acquaintances. Having read some anecdotes of his humor, I naturally drew him out. "How was it, Chaplain, that you disciplined that rural church?" Laughing, he said, "Yes, the plain good people to whom I ministered for a few Sundays had the habit of turning around, all of them, to see any late arrival. I said, the next Sunday, 'Good people, I am embarrassed by a habit you have, and I propose a compromise. If, when a late comer arrives, you will not turn around, I will engage to describe the person!' They smiled their assent. The service began; a late arrival appeared, every eye fixed upon the preacher, pausing in his discourse. 'The good woman

who is now coming in has a nice plaid gingham dress, and she is evidently sorry that she had to be late.' Another arrival. 'That is a middle-aged man, farmer, I guess, perhaps he was delayed by his chores. Now it is a sprightly, dressy young man, with a new suit. You may look for yourselves!' A laugh could not wholly be restrained, but the habit of the congregation was permanently ended."

"How about your tilt with the young officers?" The same sober chaplain had taken a railroad car for Richmond. Behind him sat two rollicking young officers of the United States Army, who had the audacity to attempt to haze the Chaplain by telling coarse, vulgar stories, and always the hero was a clergyman; and when the train had stopped at a station they roared in laughter. They were seated near the front of the car. Rising in his seat, and facing the whole car, the Chaplain said, "By your dress I see that you young men are army officers." "Yes," they bowed. "You know that I am Chaplain of the Senate?" They bowed in reply. "I wish to remind you that I am Henry Clay Dean, and that I am your superior mentally, morally, and physically, and to add that if any more of your vile talk shall be heard by me I will break your jaws!" They slunk out of the car quickly to digest their lesson elsewhere.

In the stress of the Civil War in 1862, I had one glimpse of the sad face of Lincoln, while in the extemporized hospitals of Washington. And I had no heart to ask for a moment of his time, content to look at the White House from the outside.

In January, 1870, while visiting my friend, Dr. Newman, then pastor of General Grant, I accompanied Dr. and

Mrs. Newman to a reception at the White House. I had met General Grant at Round Lake. After being greeted by the President, we were passed by courteous guards to the august East room. I found myself retained among the guests of honor. Among them I met Jessie Benton Fremont, wife of the pioneer Californian and candidate for the presidency in '56, a lady of beautiful and distinguished presence. I said to her, "Is it true, the remarkable story I have heard of Senator and Mrs. Benton?" "Oh, yes," said she, the tears starting in her eyes, "My dear mother was paralyzed and speechless when father was writing his book, 'Thirty Years in the Senate.' Finding that mother was comforted by the tender touch of his hand, he would sit writing hour after hour, and month after month, while his left hand held the hand of my mother." Incidentally, I saw a proof of the devoted loyalty of another husband. After the reception, a society lady, bejewelled and notably attractive, besought of President Grant the gift of the soiled gloves that he had worn at the reception. "Madam," said he, "those gloves are bespoken by one who to me now and always is 'the first lady of the land.'"

In 1890 President Harrison was in the White House, and received Mrs. King and myself in the Green room. It was mid-afternoon and but few were present at the time. He seemed quite at home, with an easy dignity of manner and speech, and, for our brief interview, made us at home also. President Harrison was undoubtedly intellectually above the average of the presidents. He seemed hardly to have become acquainted with the people. They had elected him perhaps partly on his father's account, who had died in so short a time after his inaugu-

ration. In his official papers and in his addresses, especially in one or two addresses before great Christian assemblies, he had impressed those who read the reports as a broadminded Christian statesman, but he seemed unfortunate in making friends, with his broad constituency, in not gaining their confidence, and thus it naturally came to pass that he failed of re-election.

I had heard Colonel Roosevelt speak while candidate for Governor of the state of New York, and had shaken hands with him. I made a call at the official annex of the White House, accompanied by Rev. Doctor Bristol, the pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, afterward bishop. Our cards were received by the President's private secretary, Mr. Loeb, and we were made comfortable in the chairs of the waiting room. After a half hour we were taken in to the vacated cabinet room. A moment later, the President entered briskly, his face flushed and his eyes blazing excitedly, as if he had just come as a victor from a sturdy contest with giants or dragons. He seized Doctor Bristol's hand, and then mine. "Delighted!" said he. Dr. Bristol attempted to introduce me. "I know Dr. King already, I am delighted to see you both." Then followed a rapid fire of questions, he making most of the talk. The matter I brought before him was the reappointment of a postmaster, and he entered into the whole situation with keenest interest. The Spanish American War was involved—some of the soldiers are related to the problem—I would like to help you—the matter is out of my hands,—you must take it to the Congressman of your district. The obviously friendly tone and aspect of this strong man, so intensely alive, was irresistibly gratifying,

powerfully, hypnotically so. I never wondered that this mighty, compelling personality was equal to constraining the ambassadors of two great militant emperors to consummate the Peace of Portsmouth. Metaphorically, though effectually, he seemed to seize Russia and Japan by the collar and force them to clasp hands. He most assuredly earned the Nobel prize as the greatest of peacemakers.

CHAPTER IX

MINOR MORALS

A RHYMING LECTURE ON MANNERS *

Non fit poeta—wrote a classic bard,
Then forthwith reeled off dullness by the yard.
A free translation of what Horace writ,
To “only rhyme” when theme and time are fit.
I bring tonight, good friends, a homely text—;
Unbend your brows, your brain will not be vexed.
No new philosophy of education,
No sage solution of the earth’s formation,
No grave discussion of the unchanging laws,
Which mark and undergird a righteous cause:
A wealth of stirring themes the Muse invites,
Of world-side scope—of human wrongs and rights.
The zealous statesman, still new schemes advances,
To medicate the national finances;
Labor and capital lock horns and strive
By strikes and lockouts to keep hate alive;
The New Reform begs that the oppressed saloon
May do its “preying” Sunday afternoon;
Till faint hearts shiver at prevailing evil
And in despair pay tribute to the devil.
But why forget how charities abound
While Missions girdle the great earth around,
And arbitration wins its widening way,
Through radiant promise of Millennial day?
Nay then, look up; shake off doubt’s craven fetter,
And own, perhaps, the world is growing better.

Denied today, the champion’s noble part,
Though patriot fire glows in each loyal heart,

* Delivered annually at Fort Edward Institute through many decades.

I crave indulgence to a humbler theme,
Too humble, as some grave savants may deem.
"Manners and Men" the Science and the Art
On life's real stage of acting well one's part.

Par parenthesis to these my learned friends,
Whom the assumption of the theme offends
As if, forsooth, the ungracious aim appears,
To teach decorum to one's worthy peers,
I read to you—my purpose this alone—
Some hints prepared for pupils of my own.

A teacher's lesson mingles grave and gay,
Didactic pastime of a holiday.
Who, learning wisdom from the ingenious nurse,
Resolves to sugar-coat his drugs with verse.

Hear me, O Muse, and lend thy genial power,
Beguile the time—'twill scarcely be an hour—
Though from a toil-worn brain an exile long,
Yet smile upon this unadventurous song,
Which aims in but a middle flight to soar,
Yet would not prove a bald and downright bore.

Say first, O Muse, what is the final cause;
Are we the better for these civil laws?
First reconcile to hear the homely truth
That form the manners of the goodly youth.
Talk not in riddles; make thy lesson plain,
And be specific, lest thou teach in vain.
Though some shall deem thee far more nice than wise,
A hundred trifles thou must not despise.

The dress and address, how to look and walk,
The way to eat and drink, and write and talk;
And how to do at church and in the street,
And how repel the rudeness that you meet;
And when a mishap strikes you with surprise,
How to scratch in again your damaged eyes.

And tell us, Gentle Muse, is there a rule
How to be gallant and not seem a fool?
And every damsel teach this lesson rare
Not to be helpless to be thought more fair.

These "Minor Morals" faithfully rehearse,
And mend our manners, whilst thou mendst the verse.
Serve us but well, thou dainty classic elf,
I vow to place an image of thyself
By praying Samuel's side upon the shelf.
And like that kneeling lad in sober clay
Thus thy petition will ever pray.

In all the weightier matters of the law
Man must his conscience keep without a flaw;
Yet why withhold to neighbor, friend or wife
The small sweet courtesies of daily life?
Judgment and mercy he may still pursue
Yet pay his willing tithes of mint and anise too.

Why doth the Maker garnish all the land
With shapes of beauty from his affluent hand;
The majestic hills, the royal race of trees,
The humble floweret nodding to the breeze?
Why give the emerald earth to blaze with light,
And hang his watch fires on the walls of night?
And say, why gives he to the human soul
The power to see and to enjoy the whole?
Why stamp on man that majesty of mien
Whose trace in every human form is seen,
Why breathe upon him so divine a grace,
Why carve such lines of beauty on his face?

'Tis the Allfather's manifest design
That man should emulate these forms divine,
Should mould to beauty, his whole being here,
And harmonize to grace his high career:
Else cynic churl maintain this paradox
A reasoning man's no better than an ox!

Dost ask *cui bono*? "Will good manners pay?"
Well try this test: what doth experience say?
The simplest Yankee merchant knows right well
Wares best got up are certain first to sell!
By Nature's freak it hath at times befell
A precious seed lurks in an ugly shell,
Yet oftener doth exterior features show
Correct exponents of the truth below.
By dress and address since the world began
We judge the "inner" by the "outer man."
And Nature's voice he may not dare to doubt,
Bids every comer hang his banner out.
A well bred man, though of obscurest birth,
Yet current passes at his real worth;
While Solon with the manners of a boor
Shall knock in vain at many a mansion door.
The Muse gives no impracticable plan,
The dress should fit the occasion and the man.
An honored house makes you an honored guest,
Custom demands you do and wear your best.
Whate'er the garment is, be sure it suits,
Be faultless both in collar and in boots;
Your ornaments be few, but rich and chaste,
Your colors aptly chosen and in taste,
Thus clad presentably your watchful glass,
Will bow and smile, admire and let you pass.
Not Fashion's slaves, nor too severely plain,
Let men of sense a golden mean maintain,
Who dons at once each nobby thing that's made,
But lends his back to advertise the trade
Spoke the gay wife—it was a day in spring—
"Tell me, my dear, what was the sweetest thing
In bonnets that you saw in town today?"
Made answer he—imagine her dismay—
While conjuring visions up of gems and laces—
"The sweetest thing in bonnets? Why the ladies'
faces!"
True art in dress, doth not itself disclose,

The man presents, parading not his clothes.
At work—the dress adapt unto its use,
Just pride forbids to falter and excuse.
The Prince may make an unexpected call,
Let him apologize, yours no wrong at all.
The fop affecting a distinguished air,
Is overdressed, his brains have run to hair—
And yonder swaggers a pretentious snob,
His cloth is fine, he wears a gorgeous fob.
These awkward shifts but ape the gentleman,
And serve to make his innate grossness plain.
So Bridget in her mistress' borrowed gown
Aspires to get accredited in town;
She wears the badges of the "ton" about,
But every urchin finds the pretender out.
Each village Broadway boasts its darling flirt,
Her costly satins trailing in the dirt—
A wealthy father's pride—she hath no lack—
She's half the shops of Paris on her back.
Yet doth this fair McFlimsey still declare
In dainty pride "She nothing has to wear!"
Well pity 'tis Miss Flora and the rest
With all their wealth are yet so scantily dressed.
'Tis right to own a pair of polished arms,
But then, too much to ventilate these charms
Is dangerous to the health, and, to be just,
Proud flesh exposed may chance to breed disgust.
Whom meet we here! with wild abstracted air,
Her feet slipshod and with dishevelled hair,
Her hat and shawl and everything askew?
That female, gentle ladies, is a "Blue!"
Beauty was hers, but tamely she forsook
And sank her woman's birthright in her book.
Climb thou, fair girl, Parnassus utmost height,
Each Muse and man abhors an educated fright!
God well endowed the first ancestral pair,
Both were complete, but Eve surpassing fair.
Apostates though her charming daughters be

They still retain a wand of witchery.
Let them assert their high prerogative
Deserve the homage Adam's sons will give.
Has partial Nature stamped your features plain
And do you sigh for beauty's gift in vain?
I know a matron—in her unfriended youth,
Obscure, deemed unattractive and uncouth.
No fairies cherished this neglected child,
Upon her pathway flattery never smiled.
Long years have passed—I saw her yesterday,
And she were worthy to be Queen of May!
Her silver tinted locks indeed to tell
Of coming age—yet looks she passing well.
An undefinable, half conscious grace
Appears upon her almost regal face.
Goodness and purity look from her eyes,
And hers all are the features which comprise
The *tout ensemble* of the friend we love,
With Eden hints of seraphs passed above.
To her wise words the learned will defer,
And better still—her husband praiseth her.
'Tis Culture's magic touch can arch the brow,
Can give plain features the diviner glow.
And well engrafted in a happy heart
Can all the charms of beauty's self impart.
Or take the terser maxim, if you choose,
“Handsome forever is—that handsome does.”

On *locomotion* will the Muse discourse:
What lesson doth she teach and how enforce?
Avoid a lackadaisical or languid gait,
And don't perpetually hitch and hesitate.
Scarce better is an agitated pace
As one who tugs and sweats to gain a race.
Forbear indulgence in that haughty stride,
Else get some stilts at once and air your pride.
Nor drop your head and shoulders in a heap
And wear a hang-dog look—as if you've stolen sheep.

The mincing prude her pettiness displays,
Abjure her simpering, lilliputian ways.
Firmly advance with even natural tread,
Arms unconstrained and a well-poised head.
Thus will each individual footstep trace
Along your path the envied line of grace.
Walk like yourself—as sturdy Crockett said—
Always be sure you're right—then go ahead!

Of the allotted three score years and ten
Spent on the bounteous earth by mortal men,
Both figures and philosophers agree,
Each septuagenarian spends in eating three.
A scene on which so oft the curtains rise
May well demand the pedagogue's advice.
Shall it betide you to be asked to dine,
Be present promptly, else in form decline.
In anteroom—the attendant shows you where—
Your wrappings doffed—you're dressed, of course, with
care.

Straight to the hostess make your gallant way,
Get first your welcome, thus begins the day.
Then can you pass your fellow guests to greet,
And chat in freedom with the friends you meet.
In salutations use this decent form,
Be cordial always, but not over warm.
The civil code to woman doth accord
The initiative, or with hand or word.
Of this high franchise, too, is she possessed,
To recognize or not, quite at her own behest.
Doth brazen knavery in disguise presume
To proffer greeting in that festal room,
With stately nod pass the intruder by
But freeze his marrows with your stony eye.
Let no new sight however strange or rare
Betray your face into an idiot stare.
Whatever happens—though a ghost shall rise—
'Twere no excuse for gaping your surprise!

In introductions, 'tis the wiser plan
To make them simple as you ever can.
Unto the ladies and dignitaries make
All presentations for precedency's sake;
And shall you mumble every *other word*,
Speak out the *names*, so they'd be surely heard.
But while these nonessentials we debate,
We wrong our hosts to make the table wait.
Observe the order of each separate course,
Help to beguile the time with gay discourse.
You see a silver fork—take that and eat—
The plebeian knife is well nigh obsolete.
Of what is proffered temperately partake,
No questions asking for your conscience' sake.
To people civilized politeness puts this test,
The grosser pleasures may not be confessed.
This canon of refinement you will heed,
And not betray a groveling savage greed,
As we have seen at hasty railroad stations,
Where hungry travellers bolt their rations.
If the fair hostess proffer ruby wine
'Tis no offence shall you with thanks decline.
"*Not drink the health of the bride, my daughter!*"
"Yes, from my heart, in this glass of pure water."
No need to chill the generous festal hour,
Or turn the milk of human kindness sour,
By a blunt lecture on the drunkard's woe.
But all the same, maintain your sturdy "No."
A clergyman abroad, was asked to dine,
His British host, per custom, proffered wine,
His guest declined, of true teetotal stock:
"You can't, at least, decline this fine old Hock?"
With ready wit the Yankee made reply,
"Yes, hic, haec, hoc. I learned it when a boy."
Infuse in every dish an added zest
By deftly mingling in the timely jest.
A gush of moderate laughter may have way,
'Twill serve to keep dyspepsia's wolf at bay.

Sit out the hour with a complacent ease,
Nor take too soon the napkin from your knees.
Toy with a crust, or ply some like device,
Till eke the hostess give the cue to rise.

Go early—ere the festive spirit flags,
Or ere the flow of soul exhausted lags;
Bid a kind farewell—speak your kindest thought,
The word last spoken is the last forgot.
This wholesome proverb just precisely here
The Muse would whisper in your private ear:
“When at your neighbor’s house stay not too late,
Else weary of you he may come to hate.”
Too much even of good company offends.
Short *visitations* make the longest friends.

A letter comes: No matter what’s proposed,
Make answer promptly—(is a stamp enclosed?)
Wanting a stamp, a postal may suffice
To speak your mind or give the wished advice.
The *telegraph*, schoolmaster to the nation,
Has taught our random talkers *condensation*.
One prudently remembers, *what’s to pay*,
And answers with explicit “yea” or “nay.”
Thus in a business paper, speed your way
Straight to the pith of what you have to say.
Why drive your pen through a long steeplechase,
When ten terse words suffice to state your case?
Postals take all men into confidence,
Be sure to use them then with common sense.
To vent upon a *card*, your spleen or spite,
The law may strike you, *and will serve you right*.
Letters of *friendship*, ah, how doubly blest
The happy man, of one wise friend possessed.
Bound to his heart with voluntary fetters
And all his life to him, *a man of letters*.
A grave conundrum now you may propose:
How shall a letter have a fitting close?

The lover with a charity that all endures,
Writes fondly at the close "forever yours."
A business note as did the lawyers grace,
Ends "*yours respectfully*" in every case.
'Tis the sweet license of a loving friend
To speak the glowing thoughts until the end.
Enough to him whose heart is all aflame
If on the margin he but add his name.
Some ladies—I protest against their plan—
Sign by *initials*, too much like a man.
So the loud girl, caught smoking a cigar,
Who, taken to task by her aggrieved mamma,
Made this excuse, with a most saucy pout,
"*It makes it seem as if a man's about.*"
I beg, at least, when writing to a stranger,
You'll own to "Sarah Jane" and shun a danger;
Lest to your horror, by return of mail,
You be addressed as *Dear Mr. Quail*.

Than conversation—noble art of arts,
That captive takes and holds all human hearts,
No one accomplishment on land or main
Is envied more or harder to attain.
The Muse abashed, despite her silver tongue,
Leaves but these promptings as we pass along:
If called to mingle in the high debate,
A generous ardor may vociferate;
But with a parlor audience sitting nigh,
Forbear to spout or brawl or speechify.
In conversation use pure voice alone,
A clear and round and polished undertone.
When either friends or strangers come together,
One lawful theme there always is—"the weather."
'Tis proper, too, by reputable use,
To make inquiry of the "health" and "news."
These friendly queries should be understood
As figures and not rigidly construed.
To answer with a catalogue of ills—

Parade your symptoms, fevers, aches or chills—
Your friend may come to have a further doubt
Whether your anxious mother knows you're out.
Reply in form to mere formalities
In diplomatic glittering generalities.
Pass to some topic with impromptu grace,
Adapted to the occasion and the place.
Though scant the range of subjects you may deem,
Grudge not the egotist his threadbare theme.
Dull is the orchestra whose players ring
Perpetual changes on a single string!
A muddled traveller once—the legends say—
Upon a three-mile race course lost his way.
Day after day he walked his weary round
Involved in mystery more and more profound,
Why as from stage to stage, he plodding strode
Such strange resemblance marked the dreary road!

Here is an evil known beneath the sun.
No sooner hath one's modest speech begun,
Than termagant with fierce, ear-splitting din,
Without a "by your leave, sir" bounces rudely in.
Thus ill-conditioned curs do yelping fly
At decent civil travellers passing by.
In every circle shun the boorish crime
'Gainst sense and manners—*Talking all the time!*
Like some unbitted colt with mane unkempt
Spurning his rider's hand with brute contempt,
Bearing him powerless in his headlong flight
Till reels his brain and blurs his failing sight.
Such is the incorrigible talking bore,
Who buttonholes you by the hour or more;
Despite imploring looks will he monopolize,
Till 'twere no marvel if his victim dies.
A story runs—authentic I've no doubt—
That two such reprobates had once a talking bout.
Yankee and Frenchman, haply having met,
At a country inn, made there a famous bet,

Which should outtalk the other; they began—
For hours and hours their clattering tongues still ran,
Tho' watchers weary all dropped off to bed;
But on and on the wordy contest sped.
At morn as Boniface, the host, drew near,
This marvelous prodigy there did appear,
The Frenchman dead! The Yankee whispering in his ear!

A counter error is to be too "mum,"
Stifly reserved, as if pretending dumb.
To mope and sulk upon the Turkish plan
Is contraband to any Christian man.
Of this ungracious sort, I grieve to tell
The faith denying, worse than infidel.
Niggard of speech at home, though affable abroad,
Reserving all fine manners for the road;
With strangers bounteous, but the crabbed churl,
For wife or child can scarce afford a pearl.
No morning greeting, nor low-voiced "good night,"
Nor loving glance that fills the house with light.
Whether he *has a heart* remains a doubt,
Until some day a *funeral* brings it out.

"The enfant terrible," what wrath has oft incurred
By blurting out blunt truths he's overheard!
His fault is venial, when compared, I trow,
With *adult* Partington's malapropos,
Who scarcely open mouth by night or day
But plump into it goes their foot straightway.
Whether your converse be a grave or gay,
Your taste and judgment may be left to say.
At times indulge a dash of poesy,
A flash of wit—a generous repartee.
Dispute but rarely, though if Punic wars
Shall wildly rage, they leave no painful scars.
Rebuke intentional effrontery
With the silent stab of your indignant eye.
True courtesy may wear a garment soiled,

But ever keep its English undefiled.
Indignant wrath may utter thoughts that burn,
But not in words a woman's lip should spurn.
No blasphemies to shame the saintly cheek,
Nor coward parodies of oaths he dare not speak.
Nor low-bred slang, nor coarse and ribald jest
To spice a story with the bar-room zest;
These vile expletives rest beneath the ban
Of every self-respectful gentleman.
Choose to be deaf—or fail to understand
A gross allusion or a "double entend."
If broad the jest, you should not seem to hear
That meaning any word ought not to bear.
When woman's tongue to grossness condescends,
Her throne she abdicates—her kingdom ends.
Suggestive sulphur seems to fill the air,
And the wise tourist dares not to linger there;
As prudent Hans on journeying to the south,
Tasting the spring, which strangely burned his mouth,
Exclaimed "Mine Gott! Move on, I have a fear
Hell is not further as one mile from here!"
Defend the absent—are they misconstrued,
And of the dead, speak not—or only good.
"Speech is silver" saith a classic friend,
But "silence golden" when the talk should end.
In fine, if in this art you would excel,
This rarest secret learn—to listen well!
She is, be sure, the most engaging elf,
Who charms the flattered speaker with himself.
The eager listener every accent hears
Her eyes dilate, dewy with unshed tears,
Mapped on the upturned face her radiant soul appears.

If asked to sing, or play, at once comply,
Without parade or bluster—you can try—
Nor wait for flattering importunities,
With stale excuses which you know are lies.

Politeness true, can never be content
Favors to take without acknowledgment.
No tardy, soulless thanks express
The face belying what the words confess.
O such a curtesy once 'twas mine to see!
So full of sweetness and of witchery,
The unspoken thanks were so complete—
A plain rough man had given up his seat—
So precious was the recompense,
He dreamed of angels for a fortnight hence.
And could have journeyed many a weary mile
To earn the chance of such another smile.
Slanderers are they who say he's blind,
Love is considerate as well as kind.
Out! on that ghost of kindness stark and bare,
Which gives, but with a patronizing air,
Leaving it doubtful if the victim lives,
Killing with kindness, murdering while he gives.
Give honor due to every worthy man,
Nor sink the patriot in the partisan.
Unlike those champions for the party's good,
Who, in each canvass, fall to throwing mud.
Loyal to principle unto the core,
Love party warmly, but your country more.
Speak well of dignities—if conscience can—
Respect the office, whoe'er be the *man*.
Against *all comers* claim what's *just* and *right*,
But keep your honor and your manhood bright.
But have you wronged the humblest of your friends,
Confess your fault and amply make amends.
Your instant unaffected grief express,
In fitting phrase—with downright earnestness.
And leave no place for "jealousy" or doubt,
Before the demon enters cast him out.
Else rankling spleen may soon engender strife,
And make an unforgiving enemy for life.
Some luckless wights, their bashfulness retards,
Their slow-paced wit comes limping afterwards.

No matter what, a bangle snapped in twain;
A neighbor jostled, or a trampled train;
Or plumage crumpled to the sorriest plight—
"I beg your pardon" sets the matter right.
Such petty mishap, with politeness blest,
Becomes instead "the happy accident."
And friends are made through chance discovered graces,
More oft than by long years of commonplaces.
Be self-respectful—to yourself be true—
Ask no man's pardon for what God bids you do,
The flustered housewife deprecates her luck,
"Twas such a shame to overdo the duck,
She's sorry to have scorched the choicest cakes,
But then the best will sometimes make mistakes.
Her house is small, they are so plagued for room,
But then she trusts her friends will feel at home.
Good dame! you wrong yourself with this ado,
Your guest comes not your house to see, but you.
See yonder feeble, supercilious fool,
Who has chanced to pass a term or two at school;
Eschewing "housework" as both low and mean,
Lolls in the parlor, with a magazine,
Apologizing to her perfumed beau,
For "mother"—"who had not advantages, you know."
What though a mother's honest face be plain,
And seamed with wrinkles, writ by time and pain.
Homely her speech, her garments out of style,
Yet in her heart dwells love, unmixed with guile,
That o'er thy sickbed tireless watched and yearned,
That quenchless as the stars hath ever burned.
Time's ruthless changes work no dimness there,
That steadfast love hath earned thy filial care.
No curse earth hath, since first by sin defiled,
So bitter as to know a thankless child.
O happy in the evening of her life,
Heartsore and weary of the world's dread strife,
A bending pilgrim knocks she at your door,
Seeking to share—for a too little while—your store.

Make her right welcome to your easiest chair,
Surely God's blessing enters with her there!
Blest is the house which never doth forget,
Its filial dues, but loves to pay the debt.
Blest in its larder, blest in field and flocks,
Thrice blest the cradle which grandmother rocks.

In church and state avoid the coward's *fence*,
Takes sides—hath heaven vouchsafed you common sense,
On each Lord's day, beneath some Christian steeple,
Let all men see you meet with praying people.
To lounge the streets while worshipers go by,
Proclaims your want of common decency;
And ugly doubts to thoughtful minds will come,
What "pagan" trash your folks must be at home.
God's temple should have reverence, never rush
Into the sacred place. A solemn hush
Becomes the worshipers on Zion's hill,
Where peaceful Hermon's blessed dew distill.
When at Christ's table humbly bow the head,
With *ungloved hand* receive the sacramental bread
No rustling train, or any whispered word,
Let Shiloh's sacred service alone be heard.
These ended, reverent stand with drooping head
Till the last word of benediction's said.
Noiseless then, and thoughtful, move away,
And muse on God through all the holy day.
En route for church to fire a cigarette
Shows in good breeding you're a tyro yet.
Do you demand, what written laws forbid it?
The answer is—no gentleman ever did it.
Tobacco is such rank and noxious weed
That of earth's creatures but three are agreed
To eat it—guess them if you can—
The worm, the scraggy mountain goat—and man!
Mark you, the worm and goat I do not blame,
They never grossly glory in their shame.
They use the weed, but in a private way,

No well-bred goat his habit would display,
By spitting filth on decent people's floors,
Or blowing clouds to poison all out-doors.
Or steep his beard in odors sickening vile,
Then walk about to windward of the aisle.
As who would say, were human speech but given,
"Ho! ho! how rank I am I smell to heaven!"
If smoke you must, young sir, a cigarette,
Go to some glen, remote as you can get:
There blaze away—no neighbors now to bother,
With fire at one end and fool at "t'other."
Your incense burned to Moloch in the glen,
Dare not return you to the haunts of men,
Or blows the fierce north wind, or gentle south
Until you wash the filthy witness from your mouth.

In gallantry these elements agree,
Strength, gentleness and truth and chivalry.
To be both gallant therefore and a man,
Surely no aimless, brainless fopling can.
The ambitious youth on social conquest bent,
Is not to drivel maudlin sentiment.
Who thinks to win by shallow, sham pretence,
Much rates the average common sense,
Not any starched and buckrammed carpet knight,
The fair prefer the sons of genuine night,
Who stalwart stand, a goodly sheltering tower
With strength to shield in peril's darkening hour.
A Samson waiting but her smile or frown
To tear the gates of any Gaza down.
With tameless will—with soul to do and dare—
Only the brave deserve to win the fair.
His vestments, manners, moustache may be sleek,
Yet each real lady must despise a sneak.
Clandestine overtures can but offend
And off to coventry the coward send—
Whether or not the father interferes
To give the cur the footing he deserves.

First gain respect, deserve the confidence,
These outposts gained, the siege may now commence.
You will not be too vehemently fast,
Obtrusive offices your energies but waste.
You have indeed a qualified consent
To speak an *honest*, truthful compliment.
These should be timely, delicate and rare,
As angel visits to our planet are.
You will not be too personal and coarse,
Such Attic salt could scarcely tempt a horse.
And never won that chiefest prize of life,
A coy but self-respectful Yankee wife.
Advance the lines, employ each manly art,
To scale the malakoff of woman's heart.
At length will dawn capitulation day,
Consult the ancients—now no more delay—
Speak out the truth, and if you be a *true* man,
You well may dare to risk your faith in woman.
A hackneyed metaphor "the oak and vine"
Round him, the trunk, her clinging tendrils twine,
As sentiment, for once, 'twere well enough,
But for the prose of life 'tis sorry stuff.
Is woman then that fragile, imbecile thing,
Too frail to stand and only fit to cling?
Youth's brilliant hues full soon must pass away,
A mushroom growth, predestined to decay.
If beauty's homage you would still prolong,
Be gentle surely, but be also strong.
To thorough training in each solid art
Add every grace which culture can impart.
But will this discipline be more complete
If you abjure the use of hands and feet?
Nay she is the most fascinating elf
Who on occasion dares to help herself!
Shall any exquisite presumptuous boy
Mistake you for this useless sugar toy,
At once to rebuke this popinjay from town,
And bring his ruffles in confusion down,

Propose—with due accompaniment of smiles—
A morning walk of—half a dozen of miles!!!
Or quite to squelch this stupidest of bores,
Say “You must help your ma to do the chores!”
Despite the fiction moonstruck dreamers tell,
A modest independence suits you well.
Thus bravely help yourself, so shall you be
In maiden meditation fancy free;
Alike prepared, whatever fortunes come,
To grace yourselves—or grace a freeman’s home.
’Tis a foul libel on great Nature’s truth,
That “true love’s course but seldom runneth smooth.”
Misfits there doubtless are, I’ve known a few
Heart-breaking ones, and so perhaps have you,
In the grand aggregate are but the merest fraction,
Of homes made hells by turbulent distraction.
In matches unapproved by common sense
The conjugation hath no perfect tense.
God, in his goodness, hath so framed our race,
Hath so inwrought *all souls* with germs of grace,
Such kinship have they to the Heaven above,
That common hearts *the talent have to love*.
Millions so joined, not death itself can sever,
Elect and precious keeping troth forever.
The novelist ignores *harmonious lives*;
The drama best on morbid fancies thrives.

In real life, from what hath lately been,
Let me portray a homely, truthful scene.
Sat in his chamber, writing year by year,
An aged senator, stern and severe.
So thought the world, for it had seen him give
Hard blows in high debate—give and receive—
Of honesty and right, the champion bold
“Old Bullion” called, so like to sterling gold.
That *stern old man* wrote on, and by his side
His equal aged, but *palsy-smitten bride*:
Blighted and dumb, her aged eyes grown dim,

Yet mute and wistful turned she still to him;
And he, that senator stern and severe,
Sat daily writing in his chamber there.
Clasping, the while in his, her palsied hand.
Such was Tom Benton, tender, true and grand.

Good manners have the fundamental basis
Blend all the charities with all the graces;
The wisest rules will not avail alone
To make these high accomplishments our own.
New courses multiply, but tell me where
The college is with its aesthetic chair
To take the greenness out from gawky boys,
And give each freshman graceful equipoise.
The French effect to dictate to the "ton,"
What gewgaws and what airs we shall put on.
They even teach us how to mourn by rule;
At Paris, Madame Fashion keeps her school.
There, are fine gentlemen to order made.
This is Monsieur's the dancing master's trade.
A rich man once took there his gawky son,
And bade the professor put his polish on.
One lesson was—he'd have him learn it well—
Acquaintance how to make with mademoiselle.
"I introduce a lady, mark me now,
Three steps advance, then make your finest bow."
"Oui, Monsieur!" Next day comes a highborn dame,
Full of his lore—the youth is told her name—
One step he strides, when thus in mid career,
He meets the dame provokingly *too near*.
Not to be baffled, "Madame, by your leave,"
Seizing the astonished stranger by the sleeve,
"Oblige me to fall back a step or two."
"You're very kind." "Ah, thank you, that will do."
Thus having pushed Madame along the floor
Till he has done his full two paces more,
Then *a la mode*, his grandest bow he throws,
The climax caps, by tumbling on his nose.
In contrast here, may I not find a place

To set a gem of *untaught rustic grace*?

Great Washington, the foremost man of all—
At a wayside cottage chanced to make a call;
The humble hosts set forth their simple cheer,
A half hour friendly chats disarms their fear,
The illustrious guest arose to say "good night,"
The farmer hands his little girl the light—
"Sorry I am to trouble you," he said,
Answered to Washington this little maid,
A rosy smile dimpling her fairy chin,
"I only wish, it were to let you in."

Partly we learn from precepts of the sage,
More by rehearsals on life's *real stage*:
By use the shinning blade is freed from rust,
Diamonds are polished best in diamond dust.
You have two eyes—mark how they do in Rome—
And every day we can rehearse at home.
Let monarchs board their palaces and towers,
In all the world are no such homes as ours.
When exiled thence our goodly youth depart,
In dreams they visit oft these Meccas of the heart.
Blest festal morn! o'er all the days that come,
Which bids the pilgrim's winged feet come home.
Ah! God be thanked, these bulwarks still remain,
The school of manners—nurseries of men!
Fain would I linger, still with words of hope,
To cast with friendly hand each horoscope.
The Muse reminds me that I presume too long
To ask indulgence to so plain a song.

Sure as each star its destined orbit moves
So surely heaven appoints our human loves.
Be worthy of thy future, it will come
Each waxing moon brings near the harvest home.
Accept thy life work, bravely do thy best,
Thou mayst then calmly leave to God the rest.

Hold back, old graybeard Time, thy furrowing storms.
O lightly touch these fair and youthful forms!
When wintry withering age is drawing nigh,
Bid Indian summer gild their every sky;
Retain but mellow all the rays of noon,
Touch still the landscape with the hues of June,
Borrow a radiance serene and high,
From dawning stars of Immortality.

CHAPTER X

LATER DAYS AT FORT EDWARD

THE CONFLAGRATION OF 1877 AND THE ENFORCED RECESS

At six o'clock one evening in November, 1877, the original Institute building was in flames. The fire had caught from an overheated coal stove (introduced that year) in room 49, first floor, occupied by two young lads who had rushed in to their supper from the playgrounds, without having gone to their room. One of the lads was the son of a missionary, who had been received at one-half the usual rates.

A cry of fire was heard from without. The Principal rang his bell and said, "The Institute seems to be on fire. You are to be excused immediately. Do not lose your self-control—save your things if you can, but see to it that you aid the young ladies in getting out with their belongings if you are able!" Quietly, but rapidly, the dining hall was vacated. Faculty and students were safe in making rapid egress from the fated building, and in two hours the massive structure was in ruins. A few of the boys lost their wardrobes and books, and were aided to the needful outfit for their journey home. The trunks of the girls were carried out to a safe place. Hospitable homes of the village were opened to the students for the night.

At nine the following morning, word being passed around, the faculty and students met at Harris Hall for

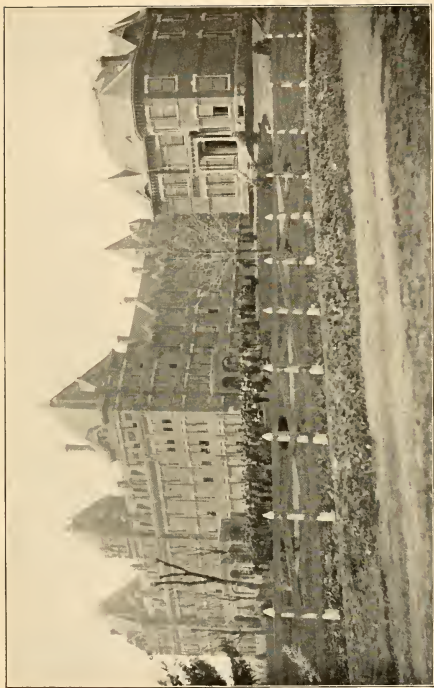
their closing chapel exercises. The roll was called and all responded "Present."

As to a reconstruction of the Institute, that was to be considered presently. The maxim was adopted, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

To build or not to build! The villagers clamored for the immediate rebuilding of the Institute, though, having disposed of the few shares that they had originally owned, except a paltry eight hundred dollars' worth or so, they were not in a position to dictate. Had not some fifty-seven thousand dollars of insurance been collected? Yes, but now more than nineteen-twentieths of the original stock was owned by the Principal, who, in response to the demand for annual dividends, had purchased nearly all the small shares, several hundred, and all large holdings except those of F. D. Hodgman, who sought no dividends, and whose six thousand dollars' worth of shares was bought from his heirs some years later.

With the epoch of free high schools now fast coming on, could an unendowed boarding seminary be self-supporting? Many academies were selling out their plants for public schools; many others in the near future collapsed. After the twenty-three years of his signally successful administration, his students in thirty states of the Union, why should not the Principal avail himself of one of the calls to be at the head of an endowed seminary and, unhandicapped by debt, resume his work elsewhere? The trustees were of his election, the charter could readily be annulled, and an equitable division of results would have made his share somewhat over fifty thousand dollars.

The villagers, waking to the situation, voted by a large



FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, 1880

majority to ask the Legislature to authorize the raising of fifteen thousand dollars by tax to provide for a high school department in Fort Edward Collegiate Institute. The bill was passed, but vetoed by the Governor. The good will of the village had thus been attested. After a year and a half of enforced recess, the Principal got tired of so prolonged a vacation; he was in love with his work and determined to rebuild, make the new institute better than the old, and take up his work again in Fort Edward. It would cost a struggle; but he was in high health at fifty-seven and eager for hard work.

THE NEW INSTITUTE

At a cost of one thousand dollars, the village built an excellent draining system to the river; no other contributions from any source were solicited or obtained. The building moved forward to completion without embarrassment, or casualty. On "opening day" every room had been bespoken and was occupied. The commodious chapel was thronged with faculty, students and their friends.

At the first morning service this original hymn was sung,—

O God to Thee in reverent praise
A grateful song Thy children raise;
Our filial hearts this tribute bring,
Accept our humble offering.

These walls evoked from wasting fires
Replace the pile built by our sires.
In Thee was placed the corner stone;
The finished structure be Thine own.

What goodly youth for many a year
Thronged to the gates of learning here!
And hundreds deem this sacred ground
For here Thy jewelled cross they found.

O Father, bless these halls today,
Here dwell in guardian love alway,
Defend, responsive to our vows,
The glory of this latter house.

RESULTS OF CO-EDUCATIONAL PERIOD

The co-educational period of thirty-five years terminated in 1880. Over 14,000 names were registered. Graduates in college preparatory and other courses were: young men, 680; young women, 367. Thirty-six states were represented and seventeen foreign countries. Many students of this period have risen to positions of prominence and responsibility, including many scores of principals, professors, and teachers; 120 clergymen of whom 37 have become Doctors of Divinity or Philosophy, one a regent of the University of New York; over 100 lawyers of whom 25 have become judges; three have been United States Senators, and more than a score of others law-makers; 90 physicians and a goodly array of authors, bankers, merchants, business men, and artisans.

Our grand roll contains many names also of women who have in various spheres reflected much honor upon their Alma Mater.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

In May, 1894, at St. Denis Hotel, New York, was organized the Alumni Association of former teachers and students of the Fort Edward Institute. In the sixteen

reunions following, all in New York, except those held in 1900 and 1905 at Fort Edward, there have been present generally from one hundred to one hundred and fifty or more. Dr. and Mrs. Joseph E. King have been made guests of honor at the banquets, and have been present on each occasion. An informal reception held in the parlors of the hotel for two hours affords opportunity for greetings and reminiscences, and is a delightful feature of the occasion.

The dinner follows, at which groups either from the same class, or of congenial and contemporary friends, are seated at the tables artistically decorated with flowers and favors, while music is in evidence. After the leisure enjoyment of delicacies provided, two hours or more of post-prandial addresses, class songs, are in order; the president acting as toastmaster. Dr. James M. Cooley, the "perpetual secretary," reads letters of greeting and regret from those who desire to be remembered as loyal members, but who are prevented by distance or for some other good reason from being present.

While the toasts and extemporaneous speeches occupy about five minutes each, during which there are interludes of music, an address is always expected of the sole and only President of the Institute, who is assured that he is exempt from "the time limit."

The hour of closing is variable, but the last feature is the singing together, as in the old Institute dining hall reunions:

"Together let us sweetly live
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive
And reign above the sky."

In recent years, recognizing and coöperating with the "New Departure," alumnae banquets were held at the closing of each June commencement at Fort Edward, or in its vicinity, at which those who had recently received diplomas were admitted to membership, distinguished by the scholastic cap and gown. These festive occasions have been greatly enjoyed, original songs and spicy literature adding to the merriment of the hour.

THE NEW DEPARTURE

In 1890, with the approval of the trustees, and the consent of the state educational powers at Albany, announcement was made that thenceforth the Institute would be conducted solely for young women. For over forty-three years I had been in charge of co-educational seminaries. I appreciated the advantage of the system, and I had full knowledge of its defects. In New England and the East, co-educational schools were increasingly in disfavor. The young men, numerically five to four, had enjoyed the lion's share of my co-educational activities—henceforth it should be my purpose and my pleasure to even up the record more generously for young women. I would devote the afternoon of my life to them.

For this "new departure" the building was ideally adapted. Some rooms being made en suite, with additional bath rooms, all was in readiness for a choice school family, which came and which continued to come from twenty-six of the states for a score of years. In our enrollment there frequently appeared the names of the children, and in a few instances the names of the grandchildren, of our former students.

Consenting at my urgent request to be made "Asso-



“THE NEW DEPARTURE”

ciate Principal," Mrs. King became an inspiring, influential, and beneficent factor in developing and moulding the minds, manners, and characters of the young ladies.

THE SECOND CONFLAGRATION

The elements were all propitious; the promise for coming years was notably encouraging; fine classes had developed and were organized, having each its motto, banner and class song; the faculty had proved themselves united as well as zealous, sympathetic and accomplished, and had the warm esteem of the students; the building had been put in fresh repair, the fine, spacious chapel newly decorated through the generosity of the alumni, the library increased by valuable additions and several new pianos, one of Steinway's best, had been installed.

At the Sunday evening vesper service, all were present and in high health; the theme for the evening was "The Hebrew children—trial by fire."

On Monday evening there was given in the three parlors an attractive and elaborate musicale by the students of music, instrumental and vocal, with accompaniments of stringed instruments; teachers, students and invited guests making a most appreciative audience. In two more days the school family was to disperse for the Easter recess.

At 6.30 a. m. Tuesday, March 15, 1910, the Institute was in flames. The destructive fire had caught from an over-heated stove in the laundry, and the village fire department, being practically useless because of inability to get water, the paper mill being inaccessible because of locked gates on account of strike among employes, the building was doomed. As sudden as was the early call,

the faculty, students and servants escaped, though many sacrificed in the flames valuable personal belongings.

The Principal's house was saved, though badly damaged. The official records in a safe in the Principal's office on the first floor were saved. Through over-confidence in the costly water system of the village only a moderate insurance was carried, fortunate'y enough to pay the long-standing debts of the Institute.

At the Fifteenth Alumni Reunion held in New York City, Dr. King, in the traditional form, awarded diplomas to the class of 1910.

CHAPTER XI

OUTSIDE INTERESTS

ROUND LAKE INSTITUTE

The three months' summer vacation gave leisure for activities in educational work elsewhere than at Fort Edward.

A charter member of the Board of Trustees of Round Lake Association in 1875, I have for over forty years been identified with the educational work maintained there notably in summer assembly annually in July, and in late years with the high school superintendency, for which had been built an ample building, also modestly endowed.

Originally a grove of tall pines on the margin of the pleasant lake where notable meetings were held, some of them of national, even international interest and importance—there has developed a beautiful village of summer homes.

INCIDENTAL BUSINESS ACTIVITIES

For nigh fifty years an agreeable variation from daily routine has been found in association with a group of sterling, and exceptionally intelligent business men, as a member of the executive committee of the Glens Falls Insurance Society, located but five miles distant, and reached by trolley in half an hour. The customary meeting for an hour or more on Friday afternoons has been a healthful and agreeable recreation, particularly when followed not infrequently by an hour of chess in the

pleasant rooms of the Y. M. C. A., of which I have the honor to be a member.

The presidency of the Fort Edward National Bank has for many years called for an hour or so of my time occasionally and agreeably, and the presidency of the Union Cemetery Association has once a year only made a demand on a part of a day.

While president of the Institute and the treasurer of the Board of Trustees, it has been my somewhat strenuous duty to plan, arrange for, and collect all its revenues of every sort, and to pay all proper claims on its treasury; its notes have never been protested, and its checks have always been honored. The insurance money from the fire of 1910 was equal to the paying of its debts, including the loan of thirty thousand dollars incurred in the erection of the new buildings in 1880.

UNIVERSITY CONVOCATIONS

Of the forty-eight annual convocations held at Albany, the last in October, 1912, it has been my pleasure and profit to be present at all except the first, an interested listener always, and often a participant in the debates that followed the reading of the papers.

In this half century, probably no one voice has been heard as frequently as mine, at these convocations. My aim has been, in my brief speeches, to contribute to the interest of the convocations with appreciative and pertinent suggestions or friendly criticisms, with the invariable rule to stop when I had shot my optimistic missile.

In 1867, contemplating a visit to England and France, I had secured from Chancellor Pruyn a most imposing letter of introduction, containing the broad seal of the



CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE FIRE OF 1910

University over his majestic signature, which I found of considerable value in Paris in opening to me the doors of institutions of learning. In 1872 I was both surprised and not a little edified by being called to the front on the evening of the convocation, and awarded the "degree of Doctor of Philosophy in recognition and appreciation of services as an educator."

In the receptions annually given by the Regents, at first at the Chancellor's house, afterwards in the ample rooms of the library, there was opportunity to make the acquaintance of many scores of professors and instructors, also to meet the Governor of the state, and the Regents themselves, which was highly prized. The Governor, as ex-officio head of the educational department of the state, was usually present, and always approachable and affable. There I had delightful conversations with Governor Seymour and Governor Tilden. I was fortunate in finding myself on confidential terms with the Chancellor and the secretaries, four succeeding each other, and in later years with the Commissioner of Education, who is now, in a wide sense, the official representation of the Board—its jurist, its custodian, its spokesman, and its general-in-chief of affairs.

In 1894, while the new state constitution was in process of being prepared for submission to the people, I was requested by the Committee on Programs to write a paper on "The Rightful Place of the Regents in the New Constitution." This I did, maintaining that the University of New York, then existing by act of Legislature, should be entrenched in the constitution as a coördinate body with the Legislature, having its power enlarged so as to have the general custody and control

of the common and high schools of the state as well as of its colleges and academies. My paper was adopted at the convocation by a unanimous vote, and later at the request of a committee of the Constitutional Convention, I appeared before them and expounded my views, answering their questions to the best of my ability. It was gratifying to find that the University of New York, after existing for one hundred and ten years by courtesy of the Legislature—its slender tenure sometimes being threatened by an irritable governor—at last was welcomed into a permanent organized relation to the Empire State, to whose development in higher education it had so manifestly and generously contributed.

In the last two decades, New York state has been a recognized and honored leader in all educational lines. The Regents' offices at Albany are always accessible to the educators of the state; the officials are always courteous and helpful.

In August of 1912, on the completion of the new and magnificent Educational Building at the capital city, at a cost of nearly four millions, the dedication was made a supreme, historic occasion. The Governor, Commissioner and Regents, all were present. The Chancellor, being Ambassador to England, had taken a recess from his diplomatic functions that he might contribute the lustre of his personal presence as presiding official during those historic days. The red gown, representing his Oxford degree, and his University hat, made him a conspicuous figure on the platform. He announced the parts with dignity, and dismissed each speaker with a majestic bow of his head.

At the reception, which Mrs. King and I attended,

many more than one thousand paid their respects to the conspicuously distinguished receiving line, headed by Governor John A. Dix and Chancellor Whitelaw Reid. (Now that the Ambassador has been so suddenly and sadly called hence, it is a special pleasure to me to remember that I had the privilege of expressing to him my warm appreciation of his valuable services to his countrymen. Referring to the princely hospitalities extended him and Mrs. Reid, I mentioned how I had been cheered by a visit of one whole hour with one of his predecessors, Charles Francis Adams.)

At the dedication, heads or representatives of the colleges of the state and of other states, as well as those of foreign lands, robed in scholastic gown and cap, marched in an impressive procession from the Commissioner's rooms out and around the vast edifice, with its imposing columns, and entered the commodious and beautiful auditorium, where two thousand guests, admitted by card, awaited them. The ceremonials, dedication, and formal greetings from some hundred or more educational institutions occupied two entire days and evenings.

The Commissioner, the Regents, and the accomplished administrative officials of the vast educational department of the state, now unified, occupy the entire first or main floor of this six hundred foot temple. Other floors provide for museum and library.

At the request of President Shanklin, I represented Wesleyan University, and when announced, made the following response:

"Mr. Chancellor, Mr. Commissioner, Ladies and Gentlemen: An alumnus since 1847 and for more than sixty years trustee, I have the honor to bring to you the cordial

greeting and congratulations of my Alma Mater, Wesleyan University. Eighty-one years ago, being duly chartered, a president and faculty of four professors occupying two noble brownstone buildings, fronting a generous common and overlooking the Connecticut River, and with an endowment of forty thousands, the life of Wesleyan University began. Today I bring to you the greeting of President William A. Shanklin and his faculty of thirty-nine professors and instructors, from thirteen noble college buildings, eight chapter houses encircling the handsome campus valued at a million dollars, with an endowment of two and a half million dollars.

“Of the living alumni, eight hundred have their residences and their activities in the state of New York, and these heartily join in our congratulations. Sir, forty years ago one of your worthy predecessors, the princely Chancellor Pruyn, at the Convocation, conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in ‘recognition of my educational work at Fort Edward Institute.’

“The projectors of this magnificent building doubtless had far-reaching vision of its uplifting influence, but as an inspiration to other states and to coming generations we can well believe that they builded better than they knew.”

Incidentally, but inevitably, as well as justly, this grand Educational Building will be the monument to the memory of Commissioner Draper who not only secured the unification of the schools, academies, and colleges of the state, but devised, planned, and secured the erection of the Educational Building through his wise suggestions, and powerful personal influence with Regents, Legislature, and Governor.

BROTHERS OF '47: POEM READ AT THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF CLASS OF '47 WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Date "47"—just fifty years ago;
The tides of time, how swift they ebb and flow;
In clear perspective, wakened memory brings
Our day of small, but of most precious things.
Professors seven, but spare your fine disdain—
Smith, Johnson, Holdich, Barrett, Bagnall, Lane
All wise and worthy, and upon each head
What radiant lustre the great Olin shed.
Of books—three alcoves, but we read them through;
Of apparatus, less, 'tis doubtless true;
But it sufficed to dignify our class
As first to freeze carbonic acid gas.

With no elective tempting us to stray
We traveled learning's rock-built Appian Way
(Foot-note: For all around effective men
You need the old curriculum maintain;
On this exploit your long elective list
And find a man behind your specialist!)

Our college games as yet unorganized;
What sports were ours, were mostly improvised.
Long walks to take, to swim betimes or skate;
Parry and thrust at cautious friendly rate;
Enjoy a boxing bout, or, driven to bay,
Chastise a ruffian in the national way;
Athletics crude, with these advantages.

We cut no classes, paid no doctor's fees.
One class we slumped, our naughtiness confessing,
The doctor gave us a most righteous dressing;
Then granted grace, no room was there to doubt it,
For the manly fact, we had not lied about it.
In our souls' calendars, you're not surprised—
Thenceforth was Stephen Olin duly canonized;

Might they not dare the utmost heights of fame,
Whose parchments bore that more than princely name?

Four secret orders now their blazonry:
Eclectic, Mystic, Psi U. and Chi Psi.
For chapter house a hired room or two;
In touch so close a narrow space would do.
These each evoked a manly rivalry,
And planted friendships that can never die.

When came our oratory exercises,
The practice ours, the others got the prizes.
The junior exhibition brought éclat,
The band provided could not fail to draw.
A play we launched, original and witty;
The crowd was unresponsive—more's the pity;
Perhaps our jokes were too refined and high
To be apparent to the naked eye.

Philo and Pietho Halls each had their forum,
So thronged that they seldom lacked a quorum.
Here met our champions in high debate
Discussing questions of portentous weight,
And gaining skill at once and reputation
By solving all the problems of the nation.
God-fearing men were we without pretence,
With sturdy faith in His wise providence.

Too soon arrived our day of graduation;
Called to the front, each fires his brief oration.
Then forth we go with high resolve to win
The world before us—where should we begin?
A vast new area on the western coast,
Rich mines of gold a Croesus might not boast;
And thrifty commerce challenging all eyes
With promise of a swift and dazzling prize.
A whole great people delving in the ground,
By mercenary masters gagged and bound,
This disreputable world we found.

The Senate had, indeed, no millionaire,
The giants, Webster, Clay, Calhoun were there;
But slumbering giants—they and all the rest,
With freedom stifling in each sordid breast.
To deal in men was lawful merchandise,
But few in state or church but had their price.

Some lurid sparks of warning darted forth;
A great church had divided South and North.
A hunted slave was deemed no pleasing sight,
So railroads underground helped on his flight.
Still pious patriots denounced or hissed
The pestilential abolitionist;
Even Massachusetts showed some hesitation
To grant her Phillips scanty toleration.
And truth to own, our college was so craven
It made excuses for its Gilbert Haven.
Such, then, the nation's baneful horoscope;
So grossly carnal, so forlorn of hope.
Behold today what miracle appears!
The grand renaissance of our fifty years:
The nation purified, united, free;
No bondsman's clanking chain from sea to sea.
The states and stars have grown to forty-five,
All colleges and schools expand and thrive.
The press and science, rivals in the race;
Invention triumphs over time and space;
All churches and charities abound
And missions girdle the green earth around;
While arbitration wins its widening way,
The dawning promise of millenium day.

As humble factors, or by pen or voice,
In this grand progress we may well rejoice.
Date '97 our most memorial year—
Our scattered class—the remnants reappear.
Congratulations will become the day.
I call our roll in couplet if I may.

Andrews, alert and cultured, leads the van
As teacher, preacher, bishop, gentleman.
Our Brigham, humorist, with old things discontented,
A new, unique religion hath invented.
And keen-eyed Cole pursues his quiet way,
Presto—Senator from California!
And General Griswold, face suffused with smiles
To aid a friend would walk a dozen miles.
And Haight, the lawyer, keenly energetic,
Woe to the opponent should he prove splenetic.
And King to magnify his life's vocation,
His pupils scattered throughout half the nation,
Is drilling now his second generation;
His badge of honor—and he seeks no greater—
For fifty years trustee to Alma Mater.
And Lee, long and lank, to every purpose true—
But where he pinched me still is black and blue.
Then legal Lippitt, loud-voiced and undaunted,
A genuine hustler, capturing what he wanted.
And strenuous Martin, grappling with the fates,
Who wins and wears two full-orbed doctorates.
Scholastic Robbins, revelling in his books,
Who ne'er belied the Doctor that he looks.
And serious Rogers, veteran of our ranks,
How kind of him to tolerate our pranks!
And polished Smith, our bachelor forlorn,
No wife has he, alas, to "grind his corn."
Severe Van Kirk with grave and sombre phiz—
Too little mirth and too much kirk in his.
And high-toned Wailes, with aspect of a prince,
Of promise fair, we have not seen him since.
The roll yet incomplete—why pause we here?
On memory's tablet other names appear:
Nine of our comrades, passing on before,
To Alma Mater call respond no more.
Newton, devout and with far-looking eyes,
Too soon went home to his congenial skies.

Dean, Colburn, Coolidge, each had sterling merit,
Unlike, but wanting neither force nor spirit.
Morrow of jaunty and complacent look,
How many shared his prosperous pocketbook!
And Pillsbury, pious, practical and strong,
As model "elder" will his fame be long.
And churchly Townsend, pompous, but sincere,
Who grew upon us as we came more near.
Thy loyalty, O Judd, outranks us all,
The proof, behold, yon grand memorial hall!
The Alumni Record, too, was thy largess,
Evolved from thy internal consciousness.
Winchell's scheme of nature deep and broad,
To compass evolution, yet leave room for God.

These be our dead. We name them reverently,
And give to each the tribute of a sigh.
In mid-career or ere they reached life's noon,
Were these our classmates called away so soon.
They studied, strove, aspired, and not in vain;
To us, some days and duties yet remain.

The laws of normal life, well understood,
Small margin leave for dozing desuetude.
To abide in strength, oft must the bow be strung,
Congenial labors keep the heart still young.
While we admire the glint of beaten gold;
Who idly asks if it be young or old?
Nor few nor ill have been our auspicious years;
No grander epoch in all time appears.

What days or decades still our work demands,
Bide we content, our times are in His hands.
Happy if Heaven the crowning blessing gives,
That we at once may cease to work and live.
Mox morituri—brothers of '47—
Hail and farewell, to meet, please God, in heaven.

EIGHTIETH MILESTONE

FORT EDWARD, NOVEMBER 30, 1903

This day in vivid colors re-appears
The panorama of my fourscore years.
My earliest memory is ecstatic joy
When donning first the toggery of a boy,
To the village school I pranced my eager way
And found myself the hero of the day.
Charmed with the teacher's winsome words and looks,
From that time forth I was in love with books.
That early passion proved no brief flirtation
In all my years I've owned its fascination.
Yet to "the parsonage," "the farm," "the store,"
Not less I owed than to all learning's lore.
For these environments taught self-reliance,
That welcomed toughest tasks with stout defiance;
In these were set the pace; life's race began;
The sturdy youth, precursor of the man,
God-fearing, strenuous, alert and jolly,
Without distrust, or doubt, or melancholy.
From seventeen, my teaching function dates,
Six winter schools within three distant states;
These and "the hay fields" yielding ample wealth
To assure alike my credit and my health.
My "A. B." gained, came never a release
Schoolmaster still, with broadening diocese,
Till in these six and fifty following years,
A roll of twice eight thousand names appears,—
Each have I sought to stir with high desire
For all best things to labor and aspire—
In many climes, by deed, or voice, or pen,
These my epistles known and read of men.
For fertile fields to till and length of days
Not all unfruitful, be to Heaven the praise!
In vigorous health and glad in my vocation
I greet my friends in loving salutation.

BIRTHDAY LINES

AT SIXTEENTH ALUMNI BANQUET, 1912, "THE REMINISCENT
BOOK" WAS SUGGESTED AND ASKED FOR

So soon another milestone? eighty-eight—
The shadows lengthen, ay, 'tis growing late.
Our boyhood friends, we seek for them in vain,
Of college classmates, only three remain.
And yet still shines the sun!—To Heaven be praise
For health, glad retrospect, and length of days!
Ours, threescore years and more, the call divine
To bid young souls "awake, arise and shine."
The germs of truth and love our joy to give
Three generations teaching how to live.
Tho' scattered far from Arctic to Equator,
Some thousands yet remember Alma Mater.
By stress of fire his occupation gone
Let gray beard Nestor tell of conflicts won,
To memory tablets give a backward look
And write and print a reminiscent book.

CHAPTER XII

MY EPOCHS

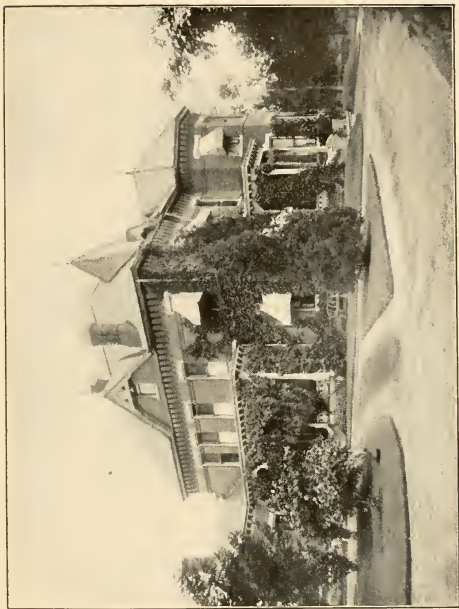
At the eighteenth annual banquet of the Alumni Association May 14, 1913, the substance of the following lines was rehearsed as my address:

A pause today at milestone—89
To note what wondrous epoch hath been mine.
The "Monroe Doctrine" broached in "23"
Must share its anniversaries with me.
Big brother Uncle Sam warns old world Powers
They're not to colonize this continent of ours.

Canal grand Erie then had just begun,
Tomorrow grander Panama is done.
Steam and electrics, harnessed in my day,
With automobiles have the right of way.
The aviator, fleet as shooting star,
Not without peril, navigates the air.
By these in turn it scarce can be debated
Both time and distance are eliminated.
The first steam rail I rode with fear and joy
From Albany to Dorp, when but a boy.
From land's end round the world now tidings dart,
Electric lights in every town and mart.
We talk and laugh with friends by telephone
A thousand miles, and recognize their tone.

Explorers bold have sought earth's farthest goal
And set their banners up at either pole.

Of growth in sciences and every art
My wise decades have borne no meagre part;
The school and college have abounded more
Than in the best five hundred years before.
This epoch earns its noblest reputation
Dowering its girls with higher education,



DR. KING'S RESIDENCE

Opened at length to women college doors,
And wider, brighter tasks than doing chores.
This new departure, wakening in my day,
Newbury and Fort Edward helped to blaze the way.

In mills and mines a myriad wheels are whirled;
The harvests of our farms might feed the world;
Our widening area goes from sea to sea;
Our millions swell from nine to ninety-three;
The nation's banner too keeps up to date,
From twenty stars and states to forty-eight.
A score of Presidents I might have seen,
The hands, be sure, I've clasped of some thirteen.

Our times brought labor-saving engines in,
As mowers, reapers and the cotton gin.
At length invention came to woman's aid
And sewing, knitting, weaving engines made.
Cheap print, cheap postage, bettered life by half,
Who but admires our flattering photograph?
Typewriting, moving-pictures, came together,
And bureaus tell us what will be the weather.
Clean sanitation, purer foods and air,
All baleful germs impounded in their lair.
Safe anesthetics and skilled surgeons' knife
Some years must add to average human life.

By war and purchase came new territory,
Shall this be slave or free? Ah, tragic story!
Conspiracy of silence long had hushed debate,
The abolitionist all were taught to hate.
The fratricidal strife Kansas began,
No respite, North and South and man to man—
Till Heaven bade the bloody war to cease.
At Appomattox Grant to Lee said "Peace,"
And lo! a miracle, for slavery was no more,
The nation one henceforth, from shore to shore,
The Monitor, well manned by Yankee lads,
Set all the nations building ironclads;
The war for Cuba blended blue and gray,
Hence North and South shall brothers be alway.

While raged the war, big brother's hands were tied,
A bold attempt to colonize was tried.
Empire set up by France in Mexico
War ends, one single word sufficed, "Monroe."
For alien legions made excuse to fly,
Leaving doomed Maximilian to die.
His Austrian bride, a maniac, survives
To warn the world "the Monroe Doctrine" lives.

With English-speaking peoples, thanks to God,
For nine decades no blood has stained the sod.
Napoleon I saw three years before
His empire shriveled at the cannon's roar.
Great Bismarck saw the German states united,
France, too, as Grand Republic, was delighted;
Italy, reborn, has found a fitting home
And greets the world, right royally, from Rome.

Vast Russia gave her serfs emancipation,
And was acclaimed a noble, Christian nation,
Later, her Czar in his ambitious plan
To gobble states was baffled by Japan.
With half a million each in grim array,
Two angry monarchs, weary of the fray,
Our doughty chief—in justice be it writ—
Seized them with friendly force and made them quit.
The Nobel prize—and all the world accorded—
To Roosevelt most rightly was awarded.

The giant China yesterday awoke,
Bought off, deposed the Manchus at a stroke,
Fought out her revolution and today
A new republic greets America.
As churches multiplied, or plain or grand,
In every town and hamlet in the land,
While trade and missions went to every nation,
Much has been hoped and preached of arbitration.
To banish cruel war, earth's direst plague,
Some forty nations gathered at the Hague,
And Andrew Carnegie, our Christian millionaire,
Has built a palace for its congress there.

Results auspicious have indeed appeared,
And pious hearts have been no little cheered.
But wild revolt that perturbs Mexico
Needs discipline. To Hague will bandits go?
And Greeks and Bulgars vainly seek the Hague
To bann the unspeakable Turk—their special plague.
“Exceptions prove the rule,” will it be sin
If one grand war bring the millennium in?
A world power now, and every nation’s friend,
America is rich, with surplus coin to lend,
When three great Christian powers shall stand for peace
All wars thenceforth at their command shall cease.

New problems, “wealth and wages,” are debated;
“Unions” galore, by strikes accentuated,
Yet church and school and patriot minds unite
To solve these problems and to solve them right,
My voice was heard in many lecture courses:
Three hundred pulpits rang with my discourses;
Yet more than all I’ve prized the call divine
To bid young souls awake, arise and shine.
A teacher’s life of mingled cares and joys,
Grand roll of many thousand girls and boys.
In passing years to mark their gallant fight
To win and rise has been a keen delight.
The toilsome past glad retrospect beguiles,
While hope looks forward bravely still and smiles.

Presto—disastrous fire?—well, God knows best,
His message tells me “take a needed rest.”
These ruins still with life and love are fraught,
For here were high ideals lived and taught
As in and out they passed. Ah—it was grand,
Brave youths, upright and strong, fit to command;
Fair girls, discreet, resourceful, winsome, wise,
And apt for any worthy enterprise.
“F. E. C. I.” stamped on her smoldering portal
May fade, her sacred assets can but be immortal!
The best persists, and oft as comes Thanksgiving
Te Deums we sing—for life is worth the living.

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